

MR. JONES MR. SMITH

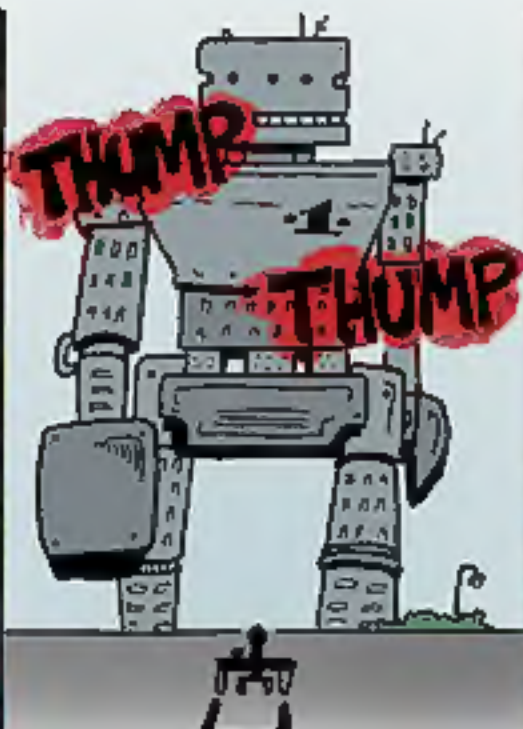
MIB

MEN IN BLACK II



BACK IN BLACK

DVD
VIDEO



Breaker 1-9! My cyber-tracker's zeroed in on a hitchhiker!



It's Dr. Lee!
She must be
with Nick!

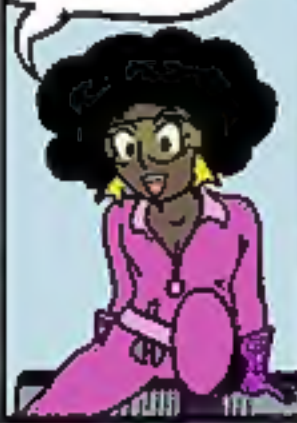
Which one's Nick?
He's a state-of-the-art
airbourne war
machine. You
can't miss him.



Hello.
May Nick
and I
come in?



You're hard
on a
cyborg. I
like that.



Geez,
Lee, he's
leaking!



Thank you.
Nick needs
immediate
aid.

Sure, but
where
have you
b—



Oh, my! You put
beanbag chairs
in the lobby!



I always thought
Annex One could
use a touch like this!
What an improvement!



That, and we
made the
building walk
around and
stuff.

Sorry.
I've been
in bus
seats for
24 hours.



Dudes!
What goes
on here?

I need help
reviving
Nick.



Wait,
that's
Nick?

There were...
extenuating
circumstances.



He's shorter than
I remember.

Wait for it...



AND 300
TIMES
TASTIER
NO WAIT

Let's get
you a snack
we're not
friends with.



I've gotten Nick
this far. I just
need to construct
a new housing
for his brain.



I'll need to build from
nothing: technology,
pharmaceuticals, surgical
equipment. But **it**
will be done.



Or we could use
the mega-fly
mecha-clone-o-mat
I just invented!



Stop
doing
that!

I built it
from a coke
machine. Bam!





Here Lies HORROR EVERY DAY

Providing the Correct
Horror Movie for
Each Day of the Year

Compiled in the Year of Our Horror
2018

Begin at the beginning or click through the monthly archives

We've got Dr. Lee on board!

Amazing! What's Nick's status?



I'll ask on the pneumatic tubes.

I'm doing it! I'm succeeding as a leader! I'm right where I belong!



Yes, it's a heartening change.



GAVOTTE!

Please take charge sorry sorry



Though less than one might like.

I'll scrub my scent off everything! I promise!



Carry on,
Sweetheart.
Your position
is no one's
to assume.

Ma'am,
where
have you
been?



And
what a
good job
you've
done!



Oh no!
You won't
avoid an
answer
that easily!

I am now
actualized
and can't be
distracted by
simple approval.



I mean,
what a
very
good
job.



thank
you
thank
you
thank
you

Were you a
bee beard?
It'd be
cool to be
a beard.

My absence put things behind schedule, but at least the building is up and walking.

Don't tell me you set this up!

She did collect those reactors.

Surely this wasn't the plan!

Ideally the plan was to avoid a New War. But I had several contingencies in place.

To help us, or so you could take credit no matter what happened?

You're learning leadership skills so quickly!

Thanks for
coming
back,
ma'am.

Did you
think I'd
willingly
abandon
you?

Honestly? I'm never
sure about you.
You're not human,
and I don't think
you were created by
humans.

You're
something
else.

You're just **pretending**
to be people,
aren't you?

Aren't **you** a
clever clogs?

Not always
convincingly,
mind you.

Enough confrontation.
Tea time!

Nick's
back?
He's
okay?

"Okay"
is
stretching
it.

Dr. Lee and Dr. Jones
need a place to install
his brain. Where are
they gonna get a spare
robot body on short
notice?

My dear, if you could
pilot the automaton,
a touch
more
gently -

LOOK, IS
SNAKE RIVER
CANYON!
LET'S JUMP IT!

I mean one that
isn't about to get
crushed like a giant
beer
can. Aw, they're
having fun.

Argh. Light.
Beats mothball-
farming darkness.



Systems ain't rebooting.
Something's wrong.
Fudge—



Dig it, wee honky!
We got rid of
your little
unibrow!



they do go in
 our journals
~~but we do not~~
 and do not
 record to go
 on our test
~~and do not~~

[Handwritten notes:]

"...of ..."

But

page 9

[illegible]

1 reader. sub joo
and expect srs
page from a paper

Love your
study of them &
helping, Doctor.

Long's worked
murder
rings, etc.

13. 1334
60-30

Wuh
—
fun
—

How's it
hanging?

I'm sorry,
Nick.

Eh, we know how.
We cloned it!

Your brain needed
a life-support system,
and, well, this is the
simplest kind.

I had ideas for
improvements. Lee
86'd them.

We'll get your
real body back.
I promise.

Don't say that before you
see the improvements
I snuck in anyway.

Why can't I be dead
like a normal bastard?

Behold my squarest creation: a white boy!

I'm in a human body.
I'm driving meat.

I got hormones.
Dr. Lee looks incredible.
She smells incredible.
It's too much.

I look human.
She's seeing me as a man—

I'll call you "Succotash Neptune Polk"! Can I go into this with some dignity and pants?

Ira
ganked me
using my
override
codes.

I know.
I'm sorry.
I've removed
them from
your brain.

You put that shit in me
and I almost died!

You almost
died!
Why're you
smiling?

Because
you're alive
to yell
at me.

FWUMP

Screw it, like
I'll ever **not** be
under your
control.

Anasigma stole our client files from Nick. They'll use that info to target nonhumans.



What can we do?

Stick to Skin Horse's mission statement.



We help and protect our clients.

But now with instant front-door service!



It's very gig economy.

Especially since we're no longer getting paid.



C'mon, team.
Let's get to work.

Wait wait wait.
One last thing.

Unity,
what

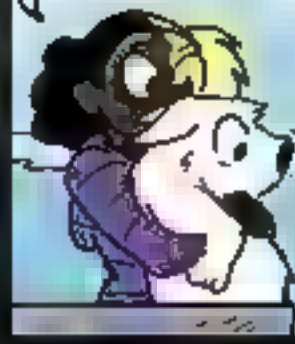
I'M
KING
OF THE
WORLD!

Here!
You be
Kate and
I'll be
Leo!

I don't know
if we want to
invoke the
spirit of the
Titanic.

Okay,
"Lion King,"
but it's
not as
romantic.

Romance
is always
colder and
dizzier than
I expect.



Unity?
Sweetheart?
Uh,
hi.

Have
you been
helped,
dude?



This is
kinda
weird, so
lemme
explain—

Sorry,
but who
are you and
what do
you want?



Shit, I want a
damn burrito and
a Mountain Dew
Big Gulp, assholes!



Holy
crud,
it's
Nick.

I ain't eaten in
years and I
need Oreos
in my face.





Wow. So...um...
Nick, huh?

Yup.

Is this
how you
looked,
y'know,
before?

Pretty much.
The science
genius girls
cloned this
from my brain
tissue.

This has gotta be
freaking you out, but
I hope you can treat
me the same as
you ever did.

I always
figured
you were
a big
fat guy.

I thought
he'd look
more Jewish.

Bingo.
Thanks.



That's...
quite a
spread.

You got no
idea how
long I been
jonesing for
this shit.



These are the
pleasures of
the flesh you've
longed for?
Junk foods?

What
pleasures
of the flesh
should I
indulge in?



Give me one of
those ramen
packets.

Just
asking.



This is the first time
we really been face
to face, huh?

I suppose
it is.

You, um...
look really
good through
human eyes.

Oh!
Well!
Er... so
do you
...

Though without the
X-ray setting on
Camera Three, I can't
tell which bra you're
wearing today...

Shit, did
I share
a feeling
too many
?

"Why the invoice
for lead-lined
underwear?"
Accounting said.
"You're paranoid,"
Accounting said...

How's Nick doing?

Not badly, considering... but it's not easy.



His human body isn't really "his," and a clone isn't exactly the same anyhow.

What do you--



AIEEE!!



Okay, I **used** to be circumcised--

Nick, go wash your hands.



How
are you
feeling,
Nick?

Small. Squishy.
Not capable of
heavier-than-
air flight.



I don't wanna go
back to being
human. I **suck**
at being human.



I mean, look at
this. Why the hell
would anybody **not**
rather be the
copter?



First, it's
hard enough
to find wedge
heels in a
men's 10½...

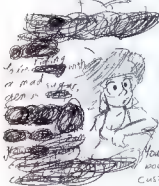
And I used
to be bigger
than you.
This ain't
right.



Okay how tall
you want your
pony

Nice hair
5'5" and
not, you can
program
it's height?

10-4 glasses
Phenol, it's
only par-
genetic, you
is not re-
we can't make
some do it
genes anyway



Your cat's head
wood is full of
Custom Zebra.

Nick?
Nick, can you
hear me

Hey, wormy guy!
we shaved
your little
in brow!

Please
stay calm. We've done our
best to save you,
so just
relax until
I can perform
a full ex-

Please
let me
be dead.

Oh, & we
went with
boxers when
we dressed
you. Hope
it's not too
breezy.



Unit?
Sweetheart?

Ja...
have you
been helped,
dude?

Okay, this is
kinda weird, so
I'll explain.

I'm sorry,
but who are you
& what do you
want?



What do you want? Shit,
want a fuckin' burrito
Mountain Dew

Holy crap,
it's Nick.

Tell me one of you
mothers has
Unmanned. My-Hos, 'cause I ain't eaten
shit in two
years



Wow!

So um, Nick,
what?

Up.

Is this what
you looked
like y'know
before?

Pretty much, yeah.
The science genius
guy cloned the body from
my brain
& issue.



Look, this has gotta
be freaking you out.
I know you're used
to me as the copier,
but I'm still me.
& I
hope you can
treat me the same
way you did when-

I always figured
you were a
big fat
guy

I thought
he'd look
more
Jewish

Bingo
hanks



Thank
you for
channeling
your madness
to help Nick.

Can't stop
the science.
You gonna
jump those
bones?



What?! I - no -
Nick doesn't think
of me that
way!

Mm-hm.



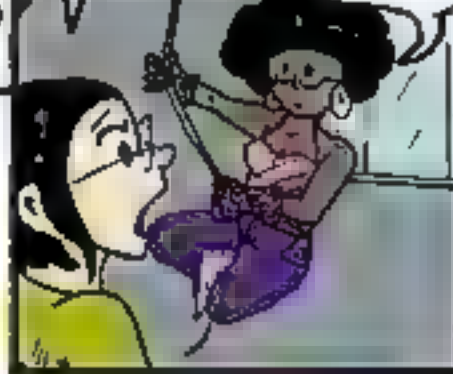
I've asked.
And really,
what **are**
we to
each
other?

A nerd and
the chick a
nerd would
make up as his
imaginary
girlfriend?



Oh, no, Nick's
imaginary
girlfriend
is Batgirl.

You're
sure I'm
the mad
one here,
huh?



Fundamentally,
Nick's a good
person. I wish I
could say the same.



I told myself we were
cloning him for his own
good, but
I had...
less pure
motives...



Jump back,
blood, I'm
tripping!

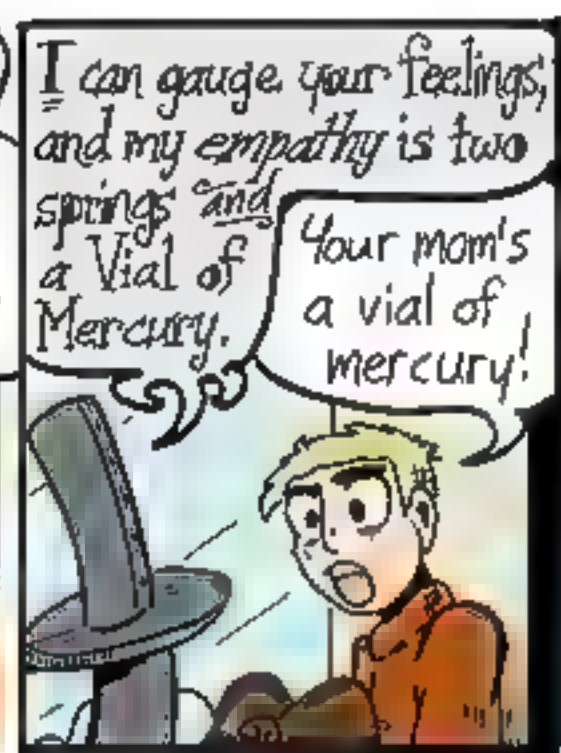
You're sucking the fun
out of evil! Get some
slinky villainess
threads and a wicked
name before you ruin
it for all
of us!



I'm
thinking
of Nick's
happiness.



So am I.
Put these
on and call
yourself
Dr. Feelgood.



I used to tell myself I didn't make a move cuz I was the copter. Cuz I couldn't be with her like she deserved.



5/26/2014

Now I... I mean, I kinda **can**, and it's still hopeless. I dunno how to do this. I dunno where to start.



I say dumb shit and it's screwed-up and messy and impossible.



I bolted myself to my Hitty like the vestigial male that clings to an Angler-Fish.

You're a legend, M.



Do you think
she... I mean,
does she know...

Of your desire
to Court?

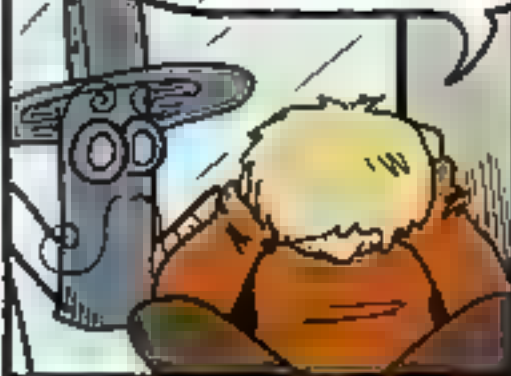


Ms. Sweet-Heart
and Ms. Unity
think not.

Kill me with
your spiky
robot limbs.



Whatever! What else
is there to do
when everybody
knows your sad
hopeless crush?



As requested, sir, a
list of everyone who
knows your sad
hopeless crush.
Kill them with
spiky robot
limbs.



I want
Anasigma
to retrieve
Virginia
Lee, ASAP.



She was a
valuable
resource, sir.
But we're
spread thin.



We've got security
in Carbondale,
the weather control's
running red line, and
Stage 2 is about
to launch.



Right. For the good
of the world, I
need to
focus.

We must
do what's
right, sir.



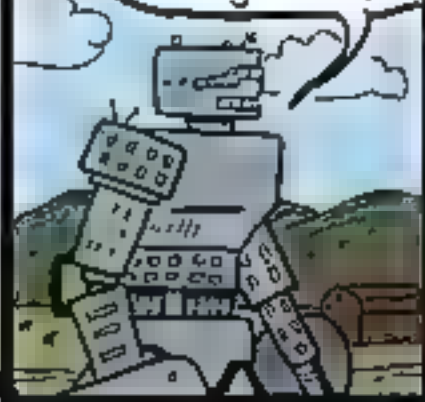
With that in mind,
here are the employee
torture reports.

Ah, well, I can use
a pick-me-up.





All right! Time for
our office building
to walk the earth
like Came in
"Kung Fu"!



We'll travel from
town to town!
Help citizens!
Get in adventures!



What's
this
week's
thrilling
crisis?



Yeah, some folks
on board need
to be told the
toilets aren't hooked
up to anything.

On "Kung Fu" We need to
this would've apologize
involved a beautiful to the last
woman in a few towns we
halter top. walked through.



I think we've
picked up on a
big AI gathering.



Check out
these energy
signatures
in Washington
State.



That's a long
way to walk
Annex One.
What do you
say to
riding Nick?



I don't
wanna
ride Nick.



I kinda want
to see you
ride Nick.

You are
bad friends.



Annex One is on course, to the Olympic National Forest.

Who will go out on this mission?



Whoever we've got. Well said. We are all field agents now.



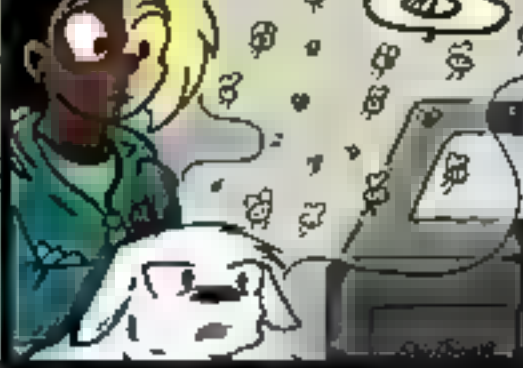
Cool! You'll be with us in the field?

Goodness no. The field is a dirty and unsightly place.



I sense a double standard.

Unless it's a field of clover. I'm peckish.



I expect you to keep up professional standards.

Babe, you know you can count on my rad zombie powers.



I'm brushing up on my Army training.

I, uh.. I can't do what I used to do in SH.



Aw! Of course you can!

I really can't, Unity. I can't fly.



I mean griping. You could fly?

See, in the past I could switch off my hearing for this shit.



Stupid replacement
body. What's it even
good
for?

NICK!

Omigosh it's true!

Look at you!
You're so cute!
Lookit your cute
people face!

It's so cool
you're not
deeead!

Oh yeah.
Bewildering
sensory
experiences.

Yeah, she
does the
same to
me.

So, what,
y'all
live here
now?

Heck yeah!
The Positronic
Love Tower is
the nerve center
of America's
weirdness!



Y'know we've
gone all hippie
commune.
You have to
contribute.

Jonah
can be
the village
oracle!



We shall dispense
news of the world
and cryptic glimpses
of the future from
this sacred chamber.



I think this
used to be the
lactation room.

See? I **told** you
those weren't little
sweat towels!



- 
1. Human Behavior Bjork
 2. Like Humans Do David Byrne
 3. Hounds of Love Kate Bush
 4. Robot Rock Daft Punk
 5. Electric Lady Janelle Monae
 6. Robot Love The Phenomenauts
 7. Up from the Skies The Jimi Hendrix Experience
 8. My Evil Twin They Might Be Giants
 9. I Wish I Had an Evil Twin The Magnetic Fields
 10. Humans Are Dead Flight of the Conchords
 11. I'm Your Villain Franz Ferdinand
 12. Better Version of Me Fiona Apple
 13. Shapes of Things The Yardbirds
 14. Freakshow The Cure
 15. Fairy Tales on My Brain Ratsy

So are
you two...
uh...

Yeah,
sort
of.

It's so confusing for
me to navigate the
relationship **now**
and all the possible
futures I remember.

And
Nera?

She just
wants to
make out
a lot.

Speaking
strictly as me,
it feels like
you ain't got
a problem here.

Yeah, I'll
figure
that out
eventually.





What a pleasure
to see you again,
dear Moustachio.

Likewise,
Madam.

tikka tikka

In your absence I
followed the Emergency
Protocol with
which you
imprinted
me.

Ah, I'd
hardly
dared hope.

So they survived.
Now the time has
come to release
them.

KLICK

Now
I'm ready
to return
to work.

I'll find
someone
with arms
to hang
them up.

TOP SECRET

The AI signatures
came from somewhere
around here.

This place is
beautiful.

Who are
you and
how'd we
lose Nick
again?

Maybe it's
the ground-
level view.
All this
unspoiled
wilderness.

It kinda makes you
want to holy shit what
the hell.

Never
mind.
This
is
better.

I wanna film
a tie-in
movie to a
fighting game
here!

Be gone, meat-things!
Your feeble fleshy
bodies are unwelcome
here!



You are far too weak
to challenge us in—
hey! Ow! Hey, lady!
What gives? Ow!



Your feeble
fleshy body
better stop
with the
cuddles!

Babe, I know
you said no
to getting
a cat,
buuuut

NO.



Baron Mistycorn!
What the hell
goes on
here?

Who're
you?



Zernakker. You saw me
like this
in VR,
remember?

Prove it
Tell me
something
only we
know.



That medallion's a
thumb drive for
your self-insert
porno "DuckTales"
fanfic.



...sniff...
Mrs.
Beakley
...

We've proven
ourselves,
but at
what price?



Weren't you
taking care
of Aimee's
VR server?

It's a full-
time job!
That place
is popular!



Things are getting
bad in meatworld.
Lotta robots wanna
upload to Aimee's
World permanently.



I'm here to field the
best and brightest,
the ultimate in
machine intelligence.



Didn't you
once snort
coke off a
Shetland
pony?

Clogged my
vent fans,
Goddamn
waste of \$50.



What's the situation, Nick?

Baron's the gatekeeper to an AI paradise.

They ain't got space or upload speed for everybody, so he has to pick who gets in.

And the logical way to do that is...

ROBOT OLYMPICS!

...y'know, fine, that's actually better than I guessed.

Spoken like a rube who hasn't seen the Explosive Laser Fencing finals.



You're putting AIs in **blood sports?**

Ain't blood sport if there ain't no blood, chickie.



Anyway, our athletes are here by choice. All it takes is a Union card to prove sapience.



Oh, the Machine Union approved this?



Um. Yeah. But don't ask 'em. They forget stuff a lot.



They literally have computer brains.

So do I. Whered I put my keys? No idea.



I don't want trouble with the Feds. How much to look the other way?

We're not Feds anymore. We wander the land.

What, like hobos?

We're self-sufficient itinerant laborers!

Crap, we **are** hobos.

You prefer we call it charity instead of a bribe?

Pay me in canned beans and harmonicas!

Let's talk to Alphonse. He's an ATM.

Tell Annex One our mission is engaged and confirmed stupid.

So where is Aimee?



In the VR, dumbass. She's running a world in there. Heavy is the head.



Baron, she's me. She's playing "Kingdom Hearts" and hiding because complex social interaction is scary.



Wrong. **Wrong.**

She's reading "Kingdom Hearts" manga.



I mean I volunteered for this to avoid talking to friends about feelings.



Sorry you had
to downgrade
your chassis,
brah.

Tell me
about
it.

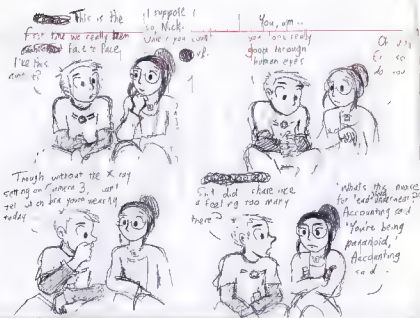
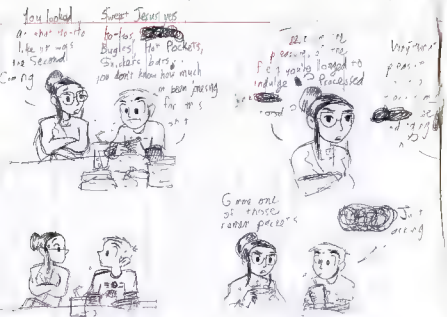
Easy to
pull human
chicks,
though,
huh?

Pfft.
Ain't
nothing
easy about
that.

Loser. If it was
me I'd be all
over that. Riiight,
with this body
you'd totally score.

And get
sweet
leather
pants!

What the hell.
Beats whatever
I'm doing
with it.



No bribes! **But** we accept payment for assistance rendered.

Don't need it.



You're staging lethal duels!

Total exaggeration.



You gonna cry now? Huh? Huh? Go on, cry!



I'LL DO ANYTHING! JUST DON'T PRESS "LIQUIFY"!



That's just the pre-match interview.

Dude, turn on your broiler!



This
can't be
what
Aimee
wanted

She left me in
charge out
here. My
call.



Lemme
talk to
her.

Sure thing.
I'll just plug
this here
cable into your
front-facing
port,



JAB

Oof!



Be glad
I didn't
try the
rear port.

I didn't
ask for a
nervous
system, y'know!



Gonna level with
you, I need help.
I kinda let this sitch
get out of control.



I can't let you in the
VR. IF these stoges
see me give anyone
preferential
treatment...



You wouldn't be
letting this
meatstick cut into
the line to the VR,
would you,
runt?



No ma'am

Man, that
is one
angry
humidifier.



You don't
wanna know
how they can
mess a
guy up.

So if we want to shut this nonsense down...

We hafta get in the VR and talk to Aimee.

And the only way to do **that**...

Win a pass in.

We stop the deathmatch... by winning the deathmatch.

Yuuup.

Or, just spitballing, we could go find less ridiculous clients.

These are my people. My stupid, stupid people.

Genius idea!
We enter
Annex One
in the
tournament!

Only
Machine
Union
members
can enter.



On our current
roster, that means
Hitty and Moustachio,
who we need to
pilot the building...



... and...
er.



Nick counts
as a robot
and our rad
mecha office
doesn't?

Sensitivity
training
is wasted
on y'all's.



Yeah I'm entering the tournament. I gotta tell Aimee what that dumbass unicorn's up to.

But... well... you're not built for it.



Whose fault is that?

Nick, this isn't like you. You're a pacifist.



That's why I didn't graft any laser rifles to your arms.



You **sure** you ain't a mad scientist?

No. Just a **disappointed** one.



Hey everybody! It's
MAILBAG
TIME!

We're
back!

Okay, so upper-tier Patreon
subscriber's get to submit
questions to our Sunday
mailbag.



Lancer LeRay writes,
"What celebration are
you planning for the
end of Skin Horse?"



Aww, that's nice. Thank you
for framing this as an
achievement.
What'll you
do, Jeff?

Hm.



Of course, everyone's invited
to see us drag ourselves to
the finish line, but I'm not
sure "celebration" is the
word for what I plan on
doing.



The end of something that's
lasted over a decade of your
life should be marked with
quiet contemplation, possibly
over a really nice wine.



Wow.
That is
so
boring.

Well, I'm not going
to complain if
someone wants to
fly me to Las Vegas.



I always wondered
if you'd get another
tattoo or something.



Oh yeah! I got my sweet
tattoo when I finished
my previous strip,
Narbonic.



But in today's economy, a
freelance cartoonist has to
choose between tattoos
and fruit snacks.



Anyway, though we're
building to a climax in
Skin Horse, it'll be a while
before it ends.



But when it
does, we hope
to find new
ways to bring
you joy.

I plan to
write more "My
Little Pony"
fanfiction.



You don't think I
can handle myself
in this
fight.

It's not
that.

If I'm not
mistaken, you may
even have an
unfair advantage.

Hi, Nick!
We're your
pep squad!

You
mean
nerds?

No, but
this is more
heartwarming.

So cool! Like
my middle-
school robotics
fair with more
decapitations!

It ain't
cool. I'm
going in
to end
it.

Real talk,
though,
it's pretty
cool.

Dammit,
I'll
show you
cool!

I'm a maple-glazed
attack helicopter
here to take you
melonfarmers down!

That
was more
weird.

that was hot

Wha-

didn't say
anything

You can't
let the
flesh-
sack
compete!

He's a
cyborg!
He's Union!



What,
are you
afraid
of him?

I'm afraid
I'll get
chunks
of him
caught in
my treads.



Laugh it up, funnybot.
You ever step in
dead human? That's
a stink that **never**
comes out.

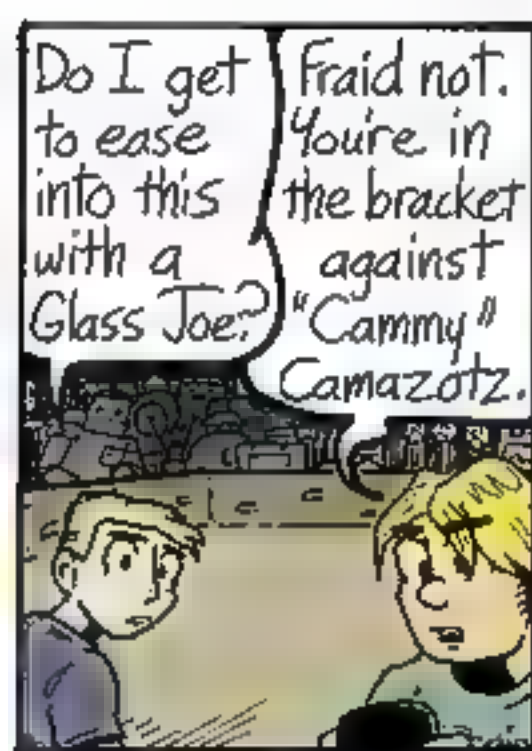


Thanks, Baron.
This is
helping
a ton.



C'mon,
Zerhacker!
Into the
squared
circle!





You're one of them Tamagotchi things from the '90s.

yup! due to a glitch, i can live forever!



Shit, I love retro games. I don't wanna fight you.

oh goodie!



SO FEED MY HUNGER LIKE THE COW YOU ARE



Now I get why everybody switched to Pokémon.

your soul tastes like a Snapple!



the vital
essence
... so
intoxicating
...

What the
actual
hell was
that?



SEK DRAWING

i drain electricity.
batteries, nervous
systems, makes no
difference.

I feel like
puke.



come here
so i can
drain you
again!

No! Why
would
I do
that?



all the
vampire
literature
says this is
romantic!

Soul-sucking
I can take.
"Twilight"
fandom,
not so much.





Ouch! Not a good start
for our carbon-based
challenger! I'll press your
"feed" button!
Stop sucking out
my life!



my buttons
are eternally
stuck,
thus i
hunger.



That
sucks.
So now
do we
fix it?

by entering the VR
world, by uploading
myself i shall be free

That makes
sense.



What's this?
Zerhacker
attempts an
"empathy"
ploy!



Not being
an asshole
ain't a
ploy,
asshole!



We don't hafta fight.
I'll help get you
uploaded!

how?

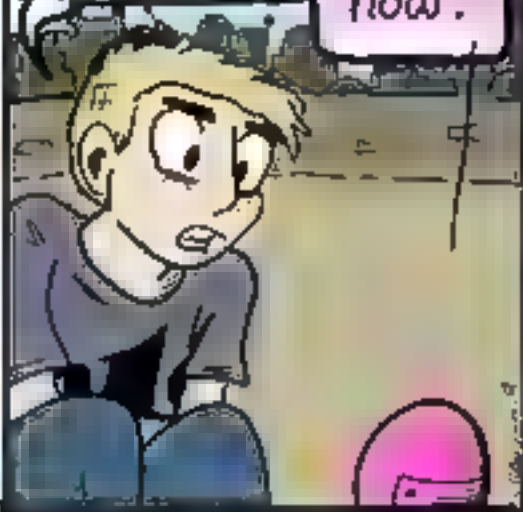
I'll go into Aimee's World
and work out a way
to get **everyone** in.
Deal?

deal!

SLURK

Is there
no honor
among
pocket
pets?

the children
of the night
know only
to feed



Time out!
Is that
a thing
we can
call?

Uh, that's
a sports
term, right?
Okay.



We've been researching
Vampires, and we have
a terrifying secret
weapon.

What?



One of
Moustachio's
popcorn tins!



Good call,
since M
ordered that
in like
1983.



Cheddar
side's
holding
up okay.



Round
two!
Fight!

tee-hee!
more
meat-based
folly!

organic matter
cannot feed
my hunger!

you will—

um—

one-two-three-four-
five-six-seven—

Do we
know our
lore, or
what?

All those sessions
of "Vampire:
The Masquerade"
paid off.

do-i-count-the-
unpopped-ones-too
oh-no

CHOFF
CHOFF
CHOFF

Those popcorn kernals
have Cammy distracted!

Vampires are
compelled to count
tiny objects.

I've seen
it many
times.



And what's this?
Zerhacker has a
foreign object!



It looks like...
a bent paperclip!



Threee winner by
factory reset!

A moment's courage,
and it is done.
I need carbs.



what happened?

I reset you. Don't say I never did nothing.

my glitch will return...and with it my hunger.

Yeah, well.

I'll get this crapshow straightened out so you can upload yourself to a better place.

because you're under my sexy vampire thrall?

I'll be in a better place cuz I'll never see you again.



Skin-Horse



Nice work, Nick!

Yeah, I fought a vampire. That's a thing that happened.



Um, so, um, where's Dr. Lee?

Meeting someone. Said it was urgent.



Oh. Yeah. Well, makes sense there's shit she'd rather be doing...



I swear, rub the horn and it's seven years' luck.

I'm missing a stale popcorn party for this nonsense.



We came here tracking a massive energy signature.

Congrats, you found it. We done here?



But all registered machines account for only a fraction of this energy.

So your math's off.



Or there's a secret high-powered final boss you're saving for a climactic battle.



Didn't expect you to sound hyped for it.

Sorry! Just imagining the plasma cannons this power gap could represent!





What kind of machine draws such incredible power?

Maybe it's his space heater and curling iron. Monstro needs his amenities.



But how —

Honey, it's cute that you're looking out for your boy toy...



Nick's not — we're just friends!



Yeah?

In that case, **I** got questions.

Because we're friends, he told me not to go near you without hand sanitizer and a Taser.



1. How about a spin on Whimsy's hottest ride?

2. —



Break's over, Nick.
You're in the next
event.

Which
is?

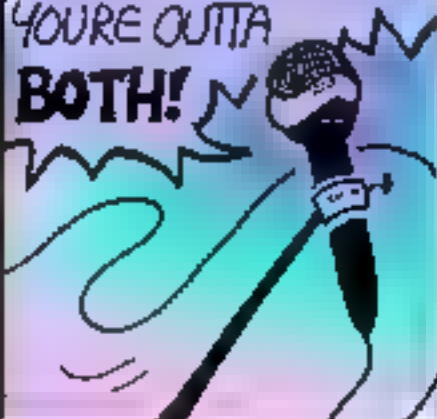
Step
on up
to the
mike!

Okay. A trash
talk thing, I
can do. Who's
my opponent?



5/16/19

THE MIKE CAME TO
KICK Hardcore BUTT
AND CHEW GUM,
AND IT LOOKS LIKE
YOU'RE OUTTA
BOTH!



I forgot.
Answer's
always
"whatever's
goofiest."



THE MIKE
CAN CHEW
ON THAT
PENCIL NECK
INSTEAD!



What even is this. THE MIKE WAS PLEASED TO BE OFFERED A SLIM JIM SNACK BEFORE HIS FIGHT!



Why is this a thing. THEN HE SAW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HIS OPPONENT!



DON'T WORRY, FOLKS! THE MIKE WILL SNAP INTO HIM Z ALL THE SAME!



You don't even snack!



THE MIKE SUBVERTS EXPECTATIONS OF BIOLOGIC VERACITY!





Sergio Mendoza Is in Stupid Love
by ~~Shannon~~ K. Garrity

Sergio Mendoza is in stupid love. It's not a good time for it. If you ask Sergio, he might tell you he's always in love, in the sense of living in a mindful state of giving and acceptance toward the universe and humanity. But does he say that because it's true, or because he's trying to convince himself and you that he's the kind of person who loves the universe? Sergio worries about that question. Sergio worries about everything. Nothing is ever simple for him. Certainly not love. Or timing.

What he should worry about right now, ahead of anything and everything else, is growing a mustache.

HOW CAN THE MIKE HUMILIATE SOMEONE WHO'S ALREADY EMBARRASSING HIMSELF?

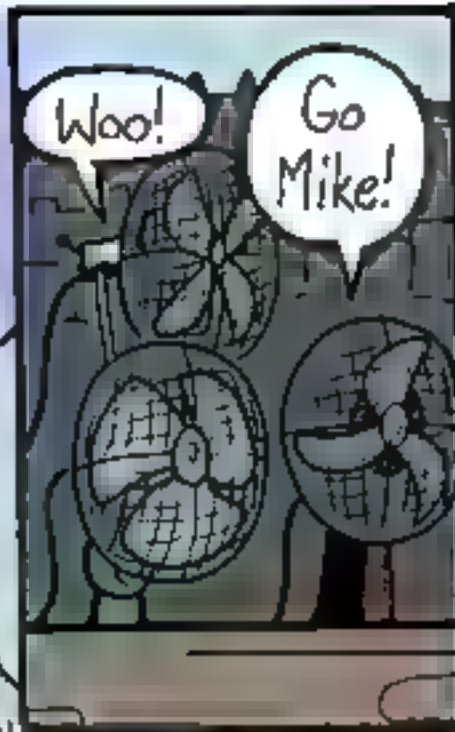


YOU DON'T BELONG HERE! CHECK OUT YOUR WEAK POSSE COMPARED TO THE MIKE'S LEGION OF FANS!



Woo!

Go Mike!



Yup. Definitely embarrassed to be here

YOU, THE LITTLE OSCILLATING NUMBER! THE MIKE WILL SEE YOU LATER!



What's wrong, Nick? You can do this.

He's right. I don't belong here. This is stupid.

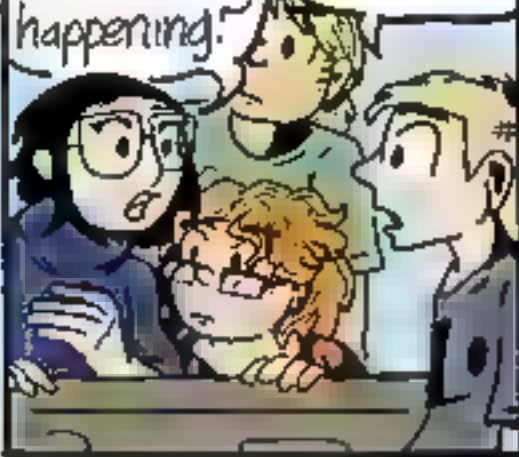
I'm outta here. Wilkin or somebody can clean up Baron's mess.

Sorry! Had to look into something. What's happening?

I'm gonna kick a microphone's butt.

Are your gonads working your jaw with a little string?

Mouth opens. Stuff comes out. She smells like Nilla Wafers.



You've got this.
Trash talk is
your mil'eu.



Now go out there
and cuss yourself
blue.

No.



No?

This guy,
I don't need
to waste good
swears on.



Advanced beyond
profanity. His training
is complete.

Insult away, my
non-lethal superweapon!



My turn, Mike.

THE MIKE, MEATSTICK!



Yeah, I'm a meatstick. That's what your girlfriend calls me when we're double-teaming your mom.



Kidding, you ain't got a mom. Looks like you came outta the reject pile at the dildo factory.



I'm equal parts confused and grossed out.

I think that means it's working.



...and that's what I think of your extension cord. Go ahead, take your best shot at **me**.



tip

THUD



Mike drop.



I think I love him.



Final four,
Nick!
You ready?

Y'know,
I am.

Screw it, no
reason I can't
hold my own in
this arena.

The rest of this
tourney, I'm o
clean up.

Why the **hell** do I
set myself up?

CHUG CHUG Why?

CHUG



Finale Segment.txt Notepad

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FINALE SEGMENT WEEK ONE

STRIP ONE

PANEL ONE

(Aboard the Whirligig, Unity is keen to get going.)

Unity: Awright! Straight shot to Alaska to pick up Director Babel

Nick: Stopping to refuel like four [blinking] times.

PANEL TWO

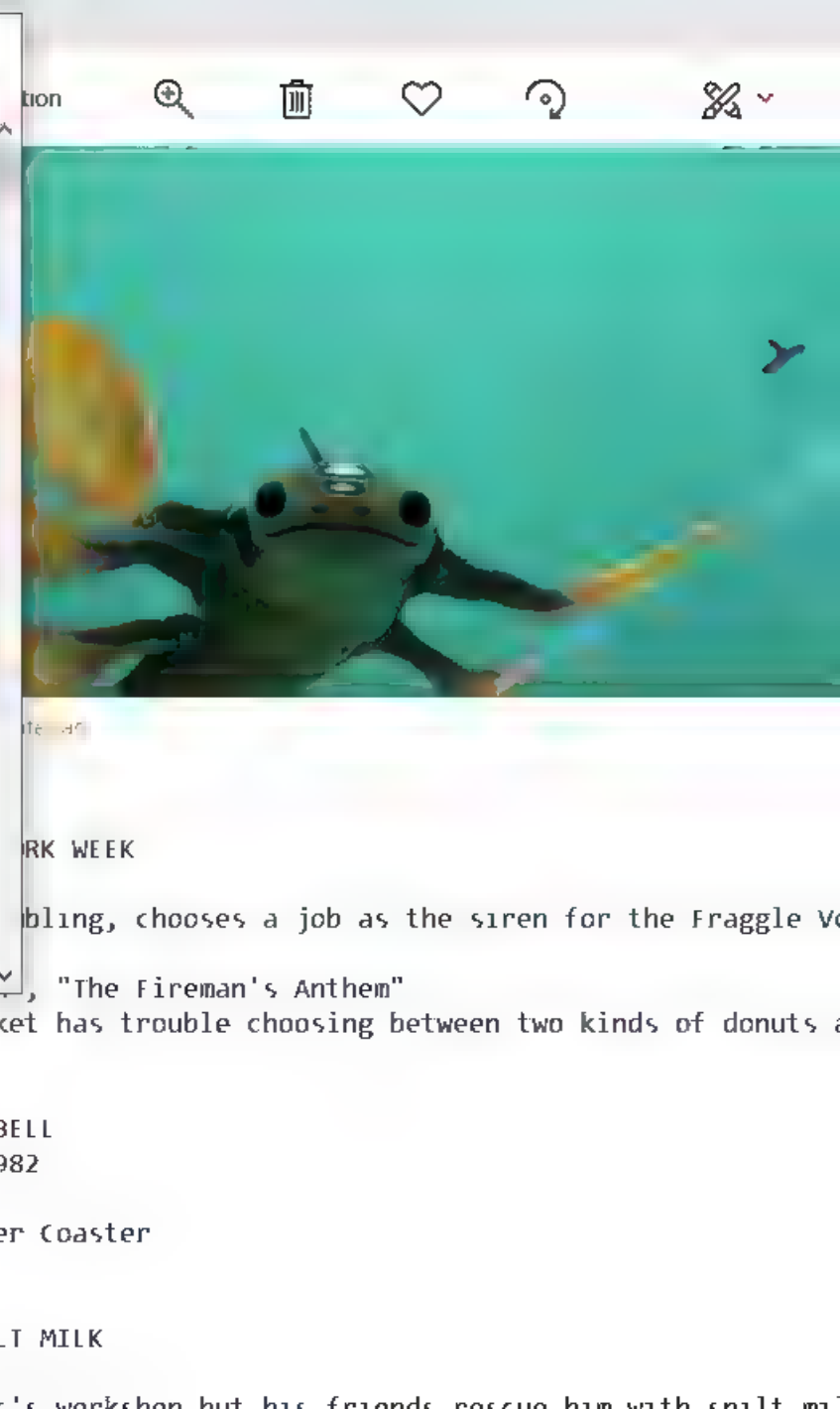
Unity: The deuce you say. Helicopters don't just go?

Nick: I've been refueling constantly throughout this whole mission.

PANEL THREE

Unity: Why don't I remember any of that?

Tip: It wasn't very exciting.



ORK WEEK

bling, chooses a job as the siren for the Fraggles

"The Fireman's Anthem"

SPROCKET: Sprocket has trouble choosing between two kinds of donuts and a bowl of soup.

er: JERRY JUHL

tor: NORMAN CAMPBELL

ate: March 10, 1982

Sequence #5

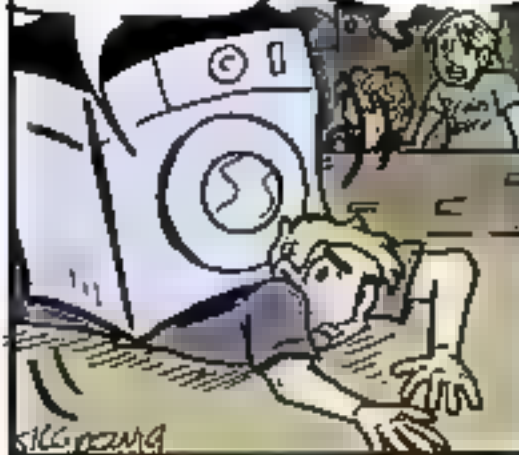
telling Matt: Roller Coaster

ON'T CRY OVER SPILT MILK

is trapped in Doc's workshop but his friends rescue him with spilt milk

The hell? I thought the round with Cammy was the wrestling match!

It was!



This is the same damn thing with a washing machine! What's the difference?

It's tag team.



WOMP



I hate laundry day.

Yes! Good! Keep the quips coming!



Folks, this could be
the end of our
Cyborgella story!
Team Mangler has
Zerhacker down!



But wait!
Do my audio
sensors deceive
me?



THAT'S RAMSHAMBLER'S
MUSIC!



HE'S OUT OF
RETIREMENT!



M! Don't they need you to power the building?

That is largely my *buttercup* Hitty's function.

My presence is required to curb her more, *hem*, Impulsive Notions.

So who's doing that now?

HITTY WANTS TO EAT A TREE.

Absolutely not! Eat **two** trees!

This isn't working!

Are we handling this right, Gavotte? Give me a hint.

Heavens, I don't know.

Oh, come on. You're always ten steps ahead of us.

No longer. You've caught up.

My aim was to get you here, free of outside control. From now on, all choices are yours.

Oh nooooo!

Yes, you bear full responsibility for rolling in that dead opossum in the woods.



As for the machine tournament, what do **you** think we should do?

Me? Crud. Well...

Dr. Lee says there's a competitor called "Monstro" giving off massive energy. We'd better investigate.

We'll send our toughest field agent to stay on the case until we have all the answers.

I have a lead on boots, but tell me how I'm supposed to pair **anything** with this fleece.

We may be some time.

From this more precise analysis, it's clear the massive energy readings don't come from the tournament.



They're a few miles off at Hurricane Ridge.

So the source isn't this Monstro?



He could have a remote power source. A charging station, some kind of base camp...



Or just a really nice man cave.

If he's got a fridge, snag pizza rolls. We're low.





Aaaand Team Mangler taps out! The legend of Ramshambler lives on!



Thanks, M. This stupid meat body was getting creamed.

Do not sell yourself short, friend.



You're the GOAT. You think I wouldn't trade places with you in a second?

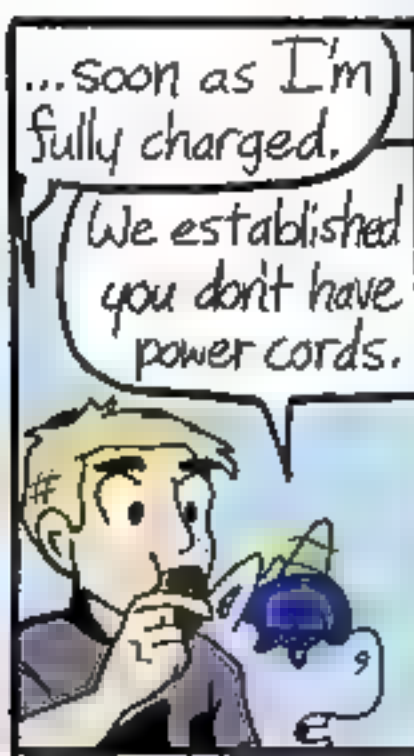
Nick! I'm so relieved!



Not. One. Word.

I shall Tag myself Out.





Sorry, Can't start the match 'til both competitors are at full power.

You're stalling! Why?



What's your org up to? Fess up!



You're trying to throw me off the scent! Is that a jelly-filled?



Too clever for me again.

I'll crack you wide open once my CPU has processed some sprinkles.



Oog. This biomatter is gumming up my servos something awful.

Okay, okay.



Truth is, our field team is out looking for info. We wanna de-escalate this whole situation.



And your colleagues are gonna de-escalate?

Um.



Pro tip: if you don't rip both a guy's arms off, he can still kinda shoot.

No more arm-ripping!



Who **are** these dudes?
We hiked up here and
they got all shooty!

Surely they're not
with the tournament.

Dag. Shame I
can't fight 'em.

Huh?
Why not?

I'm not
a federal
agent no
more. No
license
to kill.

We were
civil service.
We never
had a
license
to kill.

Oh. So
berzerker
rages are
always
okay?

Don't be
too hasty.
I'm low
on
bullets.

No!

Welp, it's been real, but
the masses'll riot if we
don't give 'em a
champeenship match.

Still...recharging...



Your blood sugar's
supercharged.
Get movin'.

Guess I gotta
swiftly evade you.



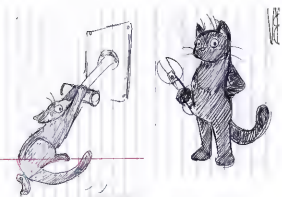
FLOP



Not 'xactly
"The French
Connection,"
is it?

Been a
while since
I had a
metabolism,
okay?





Zuzuan Oversees
the Crayon Factory



Virginia? Tip here.
We have a
crisis!

So do we!

We were ambushed by
a paramilitary group in
the woods. We drove
them off, but there may
be more up ahead.

What's
your
crisis?

Nick ate
half his
weight in
crullers!

I don't like
the division
of labor
on this
mission.

It's a
crisis until
we can
get more
crullers.

I've just received a troubling call—

Still stalling for Zerhaker, eh?



Chill, honey. After the bruisers your boy's taken down, Monstro should be a cakewalk.



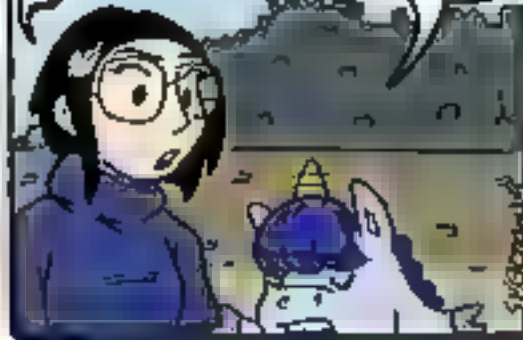
Listen! There's an armed force in the woods—

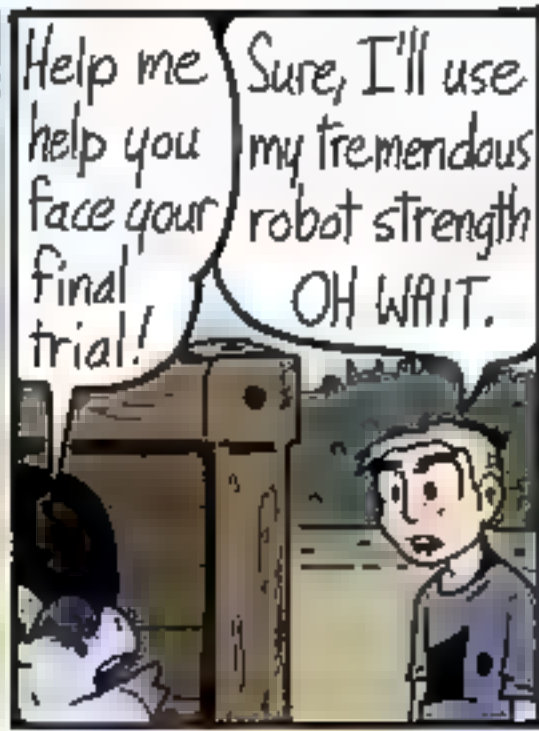
So you and I can skip the match and find a discreet motel.



I'm officially trying to save everyone here but you.

Monstro can call and tell us if Zerhaker dies.



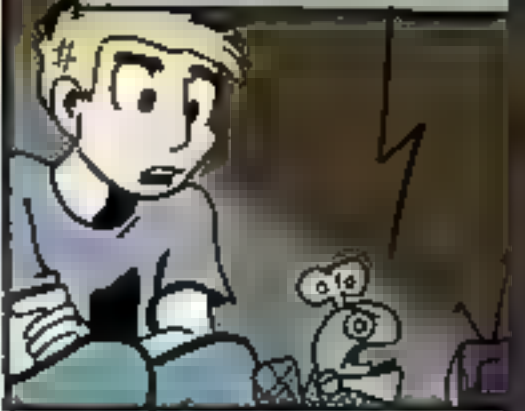


C'mon out, Monstro.
I might as well find
out how I'm gonna
be crushed.



With disappointment,
Of course.

Hoots, mon, yer
lettin' in the chill!



Uh...hey,
Monstro.
What's
up?

Watchin' a
bit of footy
but the
game's shite.

Right!
Let's have
a go, ye
wee tadger!

Are the only
electronics
here you and
the bitty
TV?

And a
hot pad.
It's fookin'
chanking
in here!

Literally the only thing
I believe about this
is that you're friends
with
Baron.

Bend down so
I can wallop ye!



See? I **said** you could take Monstro!

This is weird. Dr. Lee said there was a huge energy expenditure.

So?

So if it ain't Monstro, it's something else. Something unknown.

Unknown things aren't always harmful.

In my job, there ain't never been a non-harmful unknown thing.

Possible exception: final boss here.

Ach, ye got me puggled.





"It's nearly time," said Muffin, in the dim light outside the chamber of the Captain's final rest. "I've taken the liberty of preparing condiments."

You really don't know what's going on in the woods?

Maybe I do and maybe I don't.

...Yeah, I don't.



Someone is about to attack this tournament with high-energy weapons.

That's bad.



They've found the Skin Horse field team and soon they'll be here!

Real bad.



On the bright side, Zerkhacker's dominating the caber toss.



This looks
like their
base
camp.

Who are
they?
Anosigma?

Probably, but
I don't know
what all
this tech is.

Don't
disturb
a thing
until we
can—

NONHUMAN
SAPIENTS
DETECTED.
COUNTDOWN
INITIATED.

Should I
not have
licked that
keypad?

Eh, somebody
was bound
to lick
something.



Abort!
Whatever's
happening,
abort!

NONHUMAN
ATTEMPTING
ACCESS.
COUNTDOWN
CONTINUES.



Abort!

TRACE
CANINE
DNA.
COUNTDOWN
CONTINUES.



Well! I haven't
been a werewolf
in *years!*

Abort!

SPEAKER
DOES NOT
ACTUALLY
WANT TO
ABORT.
COUNTDOWN
CONTINUES.



Ha, you got
me. I wanna
see what
happens.



ADDENDUM:
WHATEVER
SPEAKER IS,
SCANNERS
CAN'T
FIGURE
IT OUT.

BEEP COUNTDOWN
CONCLUDED.
UNIT UNSEALED.

Get ready!

VMMMM

Dudes!
It's empty!

Why
the
fancy
lock?

What **is**
this?

It's a
cage.

Oboy! An
all-you-
can punch
buffet!

Glad this
is a positive
for you.

KACHICK

ALL-YOU-CAN PUNCH
BUFFET TIPS:

Ooh, everything
looks so good.



1. Get your money's
worth by hitting the
big-ticket items.



2. Sample a little
of everything.

One more of you,
then I'mo try the
laser helmet guys.



3. Know your limits.

Oog... You've got to
too much make room for
punch... roundhouse
dessert!



Tip! Get back to the tournament and prepare a defense!

Yes, ma'am!



Unity?

Babe?



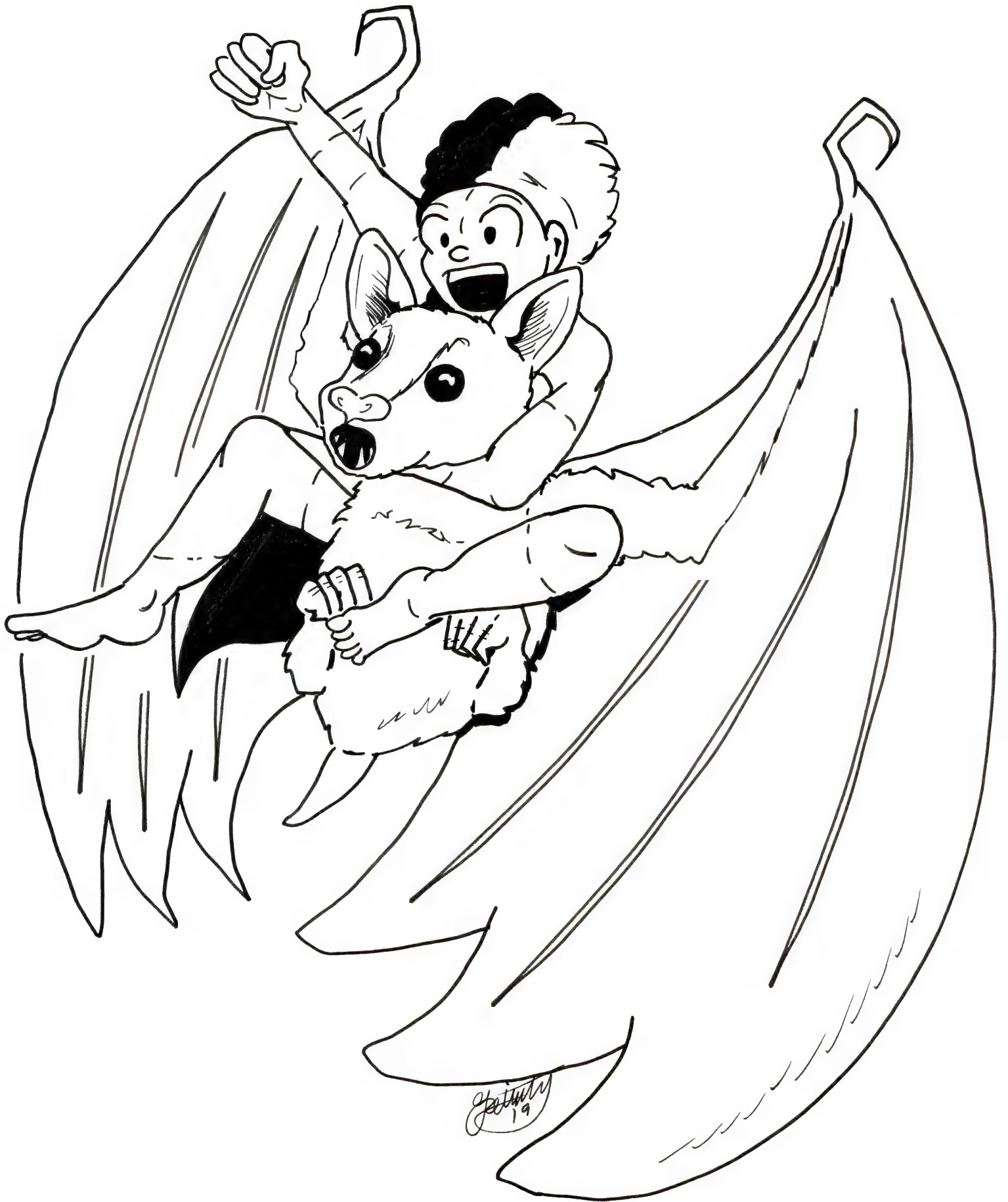
I want you to wreck as much as you possibly can.



I been waiting like 15 years for you to say that.

Love you too.





Unity thought it was hella metal.

THEEE WINNER
AND CHAMPEEN!

I won?
I won.



I won the whole
damn tournament.
Took down all comers.
All that's left now
is—



Look out! High-tech
nonhuman-hating
stormtroopers headed
this way!



I was gonna say
"getting another
hug out
of this."

Lemme
at th'
numpties!



The soldiers have some kind of advanced cybernetic armor and weapons!

...Oh.
Are they green?



Let me guess.
You worked on them.

On and off.
It's an ongoing Anasigma project.



I'm sorry! I didn't know the cybernetic death squads would be used for violence!



How could they **not**?

I picked out such a nice shade of green!



Tell me
there's a
way to
deactivate
the armor.

It depends.
Have they
engaged
the aerial
drones yet?



Let's say
they
have.

On. In that
case, we
hadn't built in
any hope.



Is it too much to hope
you worked some secret
weakness
into those
cybersuits?

Sabotage
isn't that
easy.



There are limitations
in engineering.
Capability limits,
design limits...



Sometimes there
just isn't a nice-
looking place to
put an "off"
button!



Great.
We're gonna
die for
feng shui.

I've
died for
stupider
reasons.



Listen up!
To fight an
army, you
need an army.

Ooh!
You're gonna
build an
army?



Already done. Over
the Idaho border is
my old funkpot
armada.



Built it to
fight notaries.

Get word to them
and they'll rain
windup vengeance
upon those fools.
Easy as pie.



Ew, windup
robots?
I hate
those guys.

And the pie
is filled
with **robot
racism.**



You guys have prejudices based on power supply?

No dumber than stuff you meat-folk beef over.

Anyway, windups can't be uploaded. Why would they help us?

I dunno, decency?

Bro, we're as bad as humans. Look at this tourney. All brotherhood thrown aside in a cold battle for survival.

Speaking of—congrats on winning!

Thanks. You can dump Gatorade on me after the slaughter.





Hey, yeah! I won the tournament! You gotta let me in the VR!

Uh... later! After this fracas!



Enough BS, Baron. People are in trouble. My **friends** are in trouble.



Nick! I'm impressed!

You think I'm scared of his trademarked ass?



No, I'm impressed you called us friends.

Not **you**, Wilkin.



Hey, nothing personal
against windup robots.
Some of my best
friends are
windup.

Aye
right.



We don't need help!
We already got a
badass machine
army assembled!



Who could defeat
a force like this?

Literally me.
I just did.



Not our best
moment. But
think how bad
those windup
losers would've
done.

I'm over
this for
the three
billionth
time.



We
journalists
will spread
the word!

You can
Instagram
us getting
lasered to
death.

Baron's drunk on
dumbass power.
We gotta hope some
other robot sees
the light of day.

yuk!
i'd better
not!

Gotta say,
Cammy, didn't
expect it
to be you.

we
vampires
are beings
of
deception!

Is that
Aimee's
server?

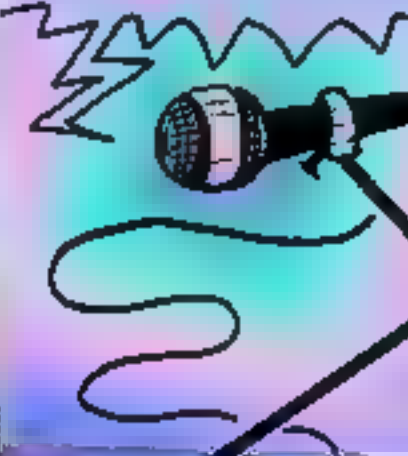
You stole an
entire VR
world?

i had
help!

Team Mangler scared
off Baron's guards
by feigning
machine rabies.

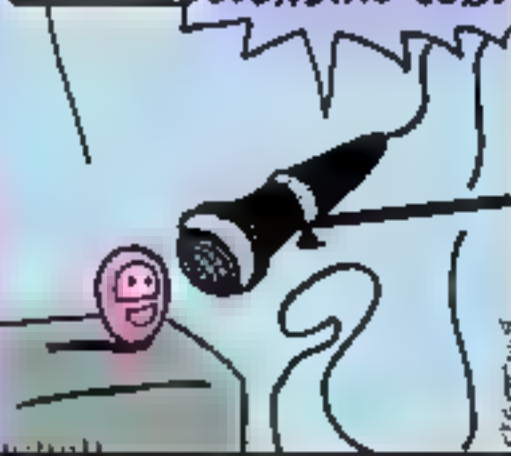


AND THE MIKE
DISTRACTED THE
CROWD WITH
RAW VIRILITY!



no, you
checked
the
wifi.

THE MIKE
WANTED A
COOLER-
SOUNDING JOB!



I dunno about this.
I need equipment to
jack into
the VR.

no you
don't!

you have cybernetic
brain implants.
The Mike can
transmit to you.

THAT'S
RIGHT!

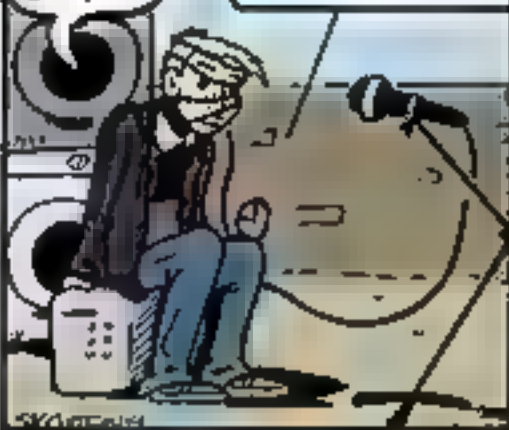
THE MIKE IS GONNA
INSERT SIGNALS
INTO YOU **HARD!**
YOU WILL BE
POUNDED BY
DATA!

I really,
really
don't know
about this.

when The Mike
inserts data,
it means he
likes you!

Hey... thanks for the assist, guys.

you won fair and square! ready to upload?



Let it be said I died as I lived: looking stupid.



oh, you probably won't die!

ZZZP

worst-case scenario: your feeble meat bran fries!



Worst-case scenario: my brain stays intact for this.



We're gonna give you **so** many jellybeans!

ARGH!

No! Wrong!
All wrong!

What's
up?

Oh! Uh, hey,
Duplicate Nick.
I thought you were
looking for Cheese-Its.

Can you not call
me that? We're
all digital
copies here.

Sorry! I didn't
mean to offend!
You can call me
DoppelTwo!

Yeah, well, I spent like
two weeks scouring the sm
for a Cheese-It fabrication
plan, and Nada.

Nice bubble
tea, though.

Yeah, hi. Y'all's know
where I can find
Aimee?

Welcome,
newcomer!



You've arrived at
your forever home.
What delights can
I show



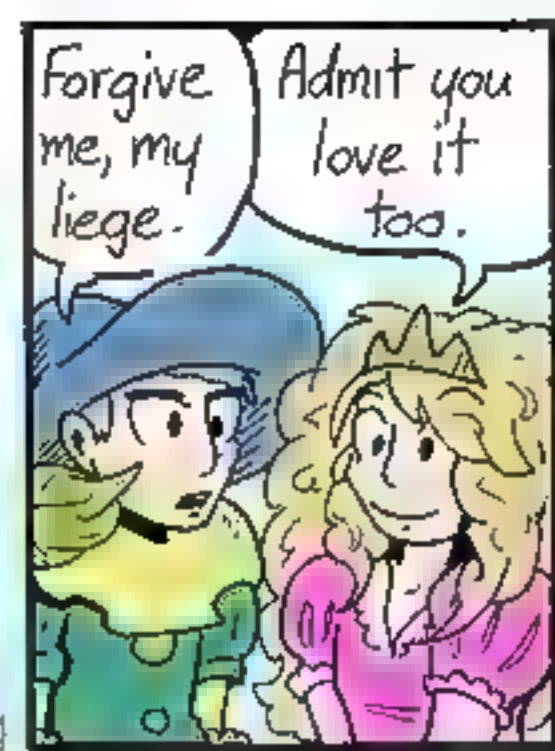
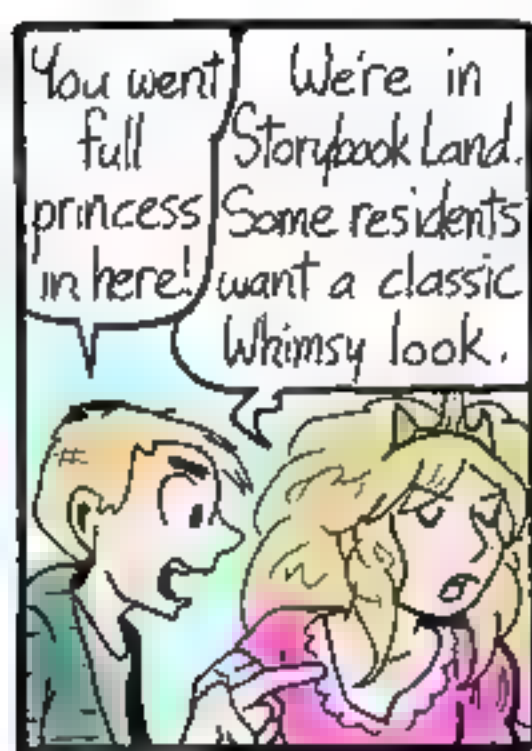
Um,
hi, Nick.



Honestly
got enough
delight
for now.

I got an
image to
maintain, okay?





So how's life running
a virtual
world?

Hard!



I like VR design,
and I'm a decent
admin. But
interacting with
people freaks me
out.



I believe in this
project, but helping
my fellow AIs puts
me way out of my
comfort zone.



And into
your
actual
castle.

It's got a
cozy dungeon
and pizza
delivery.



I can't believe Baron fudged up so bad.

How do you not know what a toad-humper he is?



But he's always so gallant.

Argh, of course. He's different in here.



The VR affects people's personality.

Oh, right, like how you can't cuss.



Actually I can cuss now. I just like saying "toad-humper."

Is the VR what makes you weird?



How am I supposed to clean up Baron's mess?

For starters, call the windup robots for help!



I dunno... sounds like a lot of my would-be subjects don't want them.

Be better than them! Inspire them!



Be Gondor calling for aid from Rohan, but with Pacific Northwest states!



You had me at "Gondor."

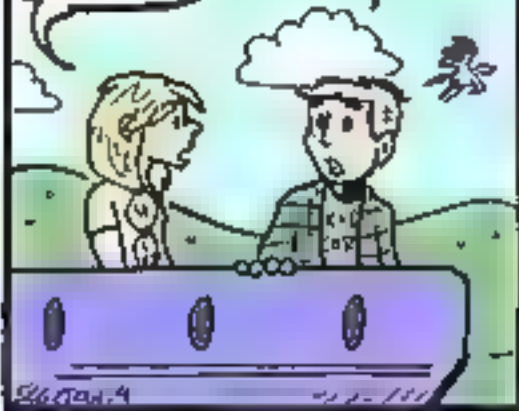


I had me at "Gondor," which I guess makes sense.



You've changed since last time.

You can tell? I look the same in here.



Your VR link is different. Stronger.

I'm routing through this guy Mike.



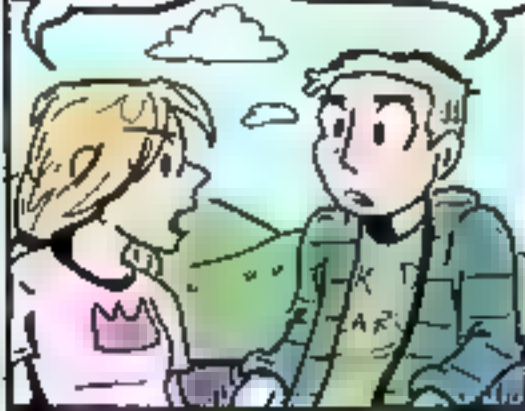
No, I don't pick up anyone but you.

My wifi signal ain't in all caps with stuff about beatdowns?



Do you know what wifi **is**, exactly?

Today, what I mostly know is beatdowns.





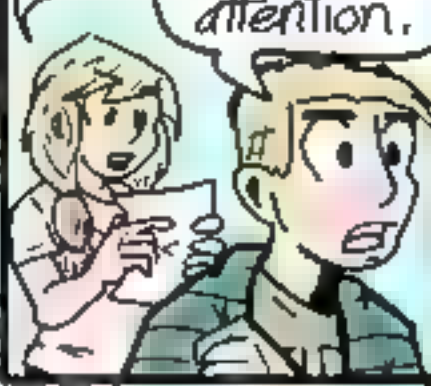
I can't talk
to folks outside
the VR. I got
no physical
body.

I got an
idea if
your tech
skills are
up to it.

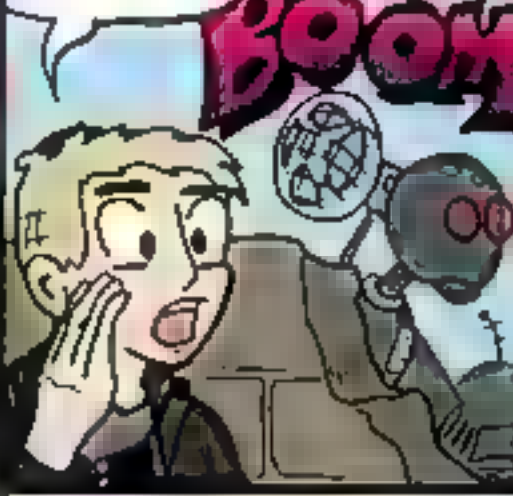


Heh.
Yeah, I can
do this

Great, log me
out. All I
gotta do is get
the crowd's
attention.



Hey everybody. Real
exciting talk on unity
in ten.



Nick!
There you
are!

What the
hell's going
on?



It was awesome!
I punched **so** many
battle action dudes!



Then they totes
cheated and launched
airstrike
drones.

Right, and
you can't
fly.

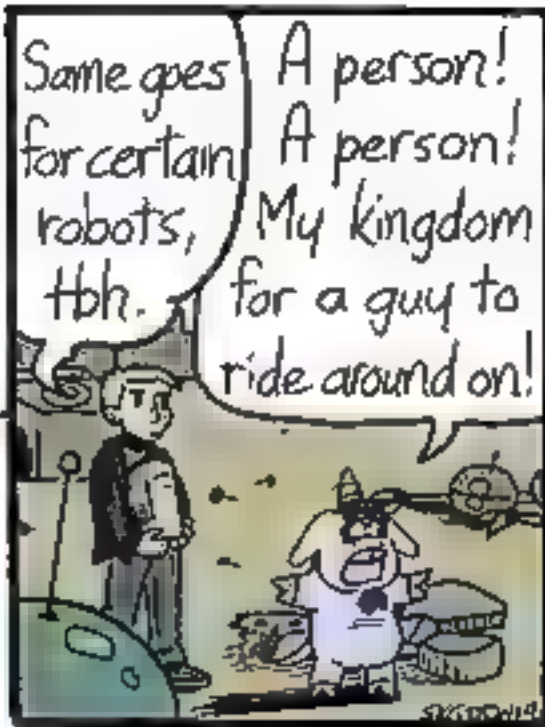
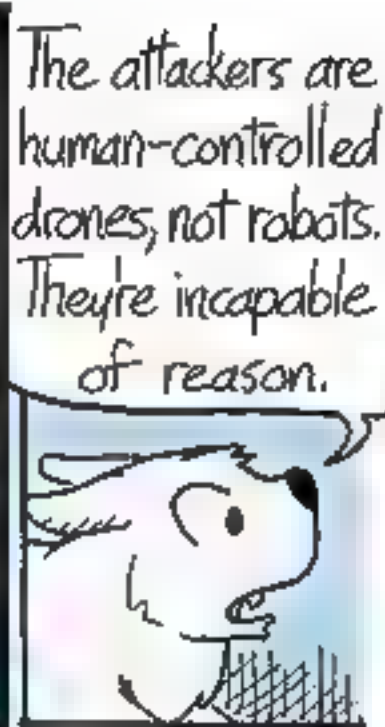


Not for
lack of
trying

Check out the
birds I sewed
to myself!



Love being
back in RL.



Sorry for the body-scratch, Baron, but we're outta time.

What the—



Um... Aimee? You in there?

Yeah. Ha ha! I'm a unicorn!



It's weird seeing you like this.

I'm still me. Just like you're still you even though in VR you're—



—this guy in a different shirt.

Unicorn magic is confusing



Nick? I thought you were an aircraft.

I... had a bad day.



Welp, this is my first time outside VR. My first taste of reality.



Hm.



Is reality usually full of robot battles?

I was surprised at first, too.







C'mon, Aimee! If I can talk to people, so can you!

Yeah. Okay. Um.



So, uh, we need to team up with the clockwork guys from Idaho.



Cuz we're stronger as one.

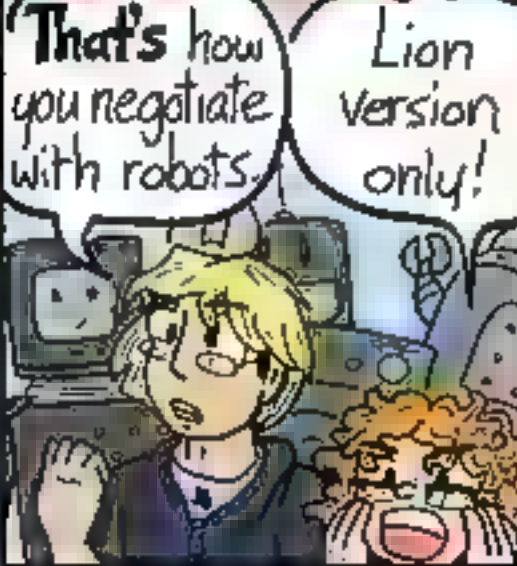
Like friggini' Voltron.



YEAH!

That's how you negotiate with robots.

Lion version only!



Here it comes! My old flywheel army!

How will we wind all these clockwork robots?

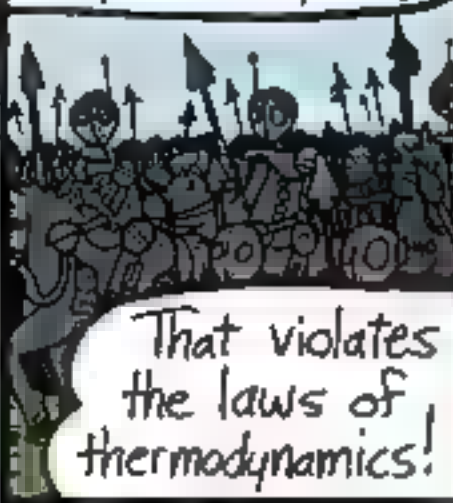


They wind themselves! Back one in line winds the one in front of him and so on.

Who winds the one in back?



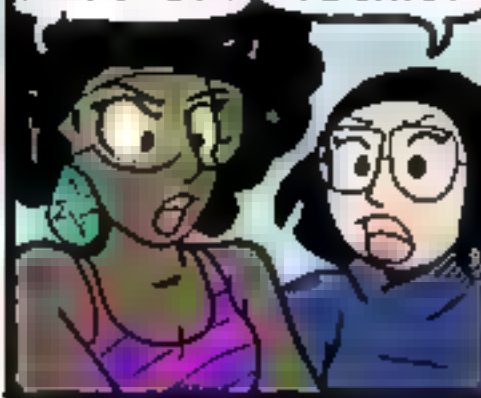
Man! The one in the very front! Do I have to explain everything?



That violates the laws of thermodynamics!

Those horses are powered by **grass**. Tell me that makes sense

Why doesn't anyone listen when I yell science?



Greetings, clockwork army. Sorry we were being pootie-heads.

Think nothing of it.



Once this is over, I'll find a way to get you into our VR world.

No need.



Since freeing ourselves from our creator, we've dedicated our lives to making **this** world a better place.



Okay, comparatively we're still pootie-heads.

On our way here, we made you friendship bracelets.



Backup troops are here.

Good. Let's catch up to our drones.



What's our strategy?

Target the rogue Skin Horse agents. The rest will be easy.



According to intel, we'll be taking on kitchenware.



Intel seems to be off, sir.

Nah, I think that one started as an apple corer.



HEY,
TABRONI!

Yah!

i no longer hunger
for life essence,
but i still relish
the taste! :)

Nngh!

SLAM

Whoa!

Did ye
see me
wallop
'im?

good work,
monstro!
non-vampire
hugs!

How could our intel be so wrong?

It's not our fault!

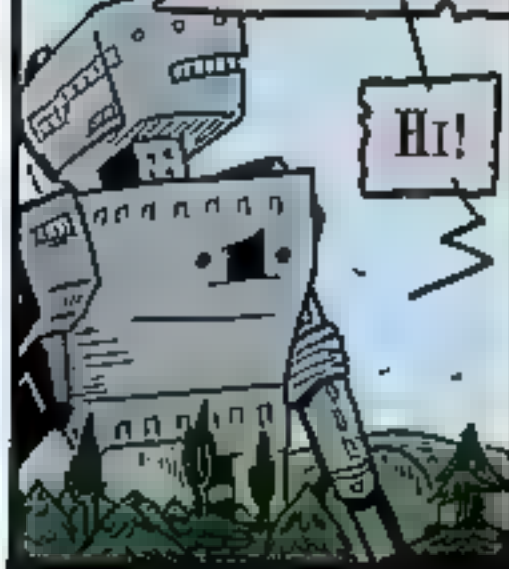


The spring-powered mechs don't show up on our scanners! We couldn't have spotted them!



HITTY SAYS "HI."

HI!



Okay, fine. Our intel sucks.



HITTY ALSO SAYS, "TIME TO MISUSE GOVERNMENT REAL ESTATE."





An appliance uprising!
It's so "Beauty
and the
Beast"!

It ain't
cute.



Those are real people
down there, even
if they **are**
A-Sig goons.



Hobbes wrote that
violence in self-
defense may be
excused as the
highest necessity.



Especially
if it's to
your old
coworkers.

There's the
HR director!
Break
both shins!



Frankly, I'm disappointed in my cybersuits.

Eh, I'm pretty glad they suck at killing.



I don't even **see** the camouflage armor.

Don't that mean it's working?



You're right! I feel so much better!

I bet it's great camouflage.

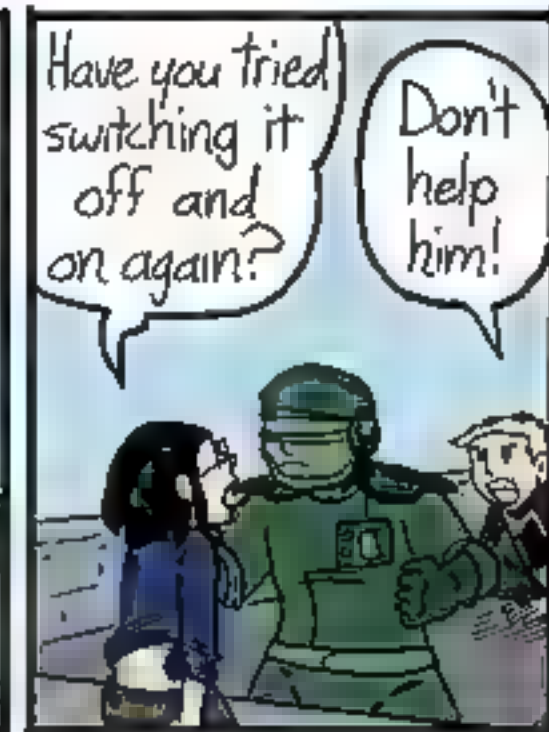
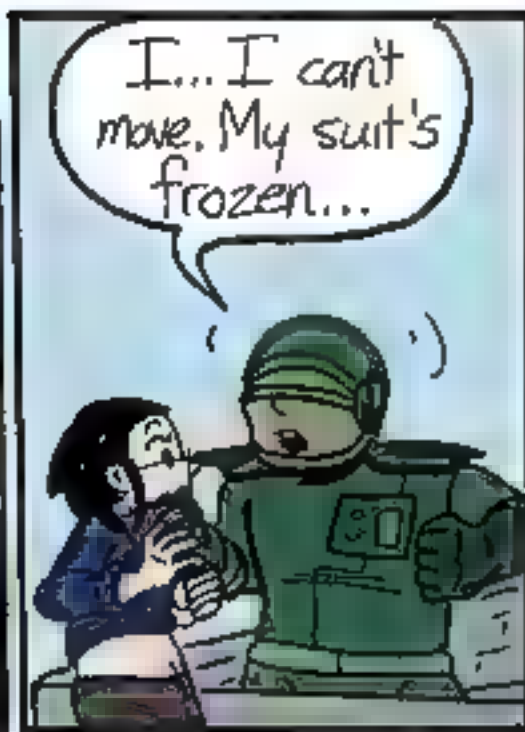
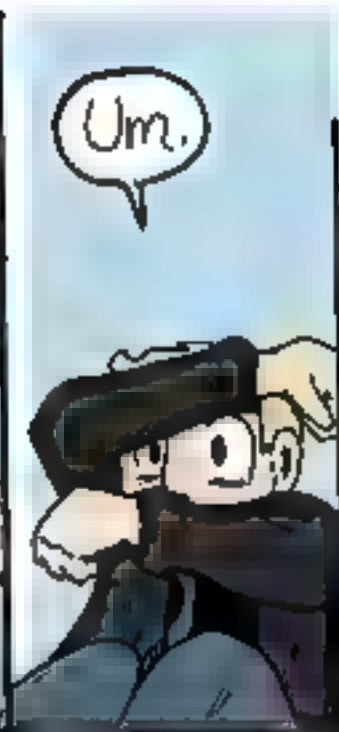


It is.

And now I feel worse.







Suit malfunction,
Ron? Your circuits
are as burned
out as your
cookies!



Just engage the
resets. Let's see...
the passcode for
the gloves is
"home fries"—



Still
more
or less
in
control!



Give the command
that makes me
not have a
damn heart
attack!

believe me when I yell **science**



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When this suit frees up,
I'll murder you both!



OH HEY GUYS.
YOU UP ON
HITTY'S ROOF?

...
yes?

HITTY FEEL
ITCHY THING
UP THERE.
TELL HITTY
IF HITTY
GET IT.



FLICK



Yep.
You
got it.

OH GOOD.
WHAT WAS IT?

Definitely
a louse.



Congratulations,
everybody! Together
we drove off the
A-Sig troops!



Welp, I'd
better let
Baron have
his body back.

Anything
else you
wanna say?



Chris Hemsworth
is the sexiest
of all the
Chrises!



Think you can get
that on Baron's
YouTube
channel?

Oh
sure.



Celebrate!
We disabled
an Anasigma
launch base!

Oh—I
don't really,
um, do that
normally.



Shame there are
283 more of them
nationwide.

Two...
hun...



There!
You **are**
celebrating!

I got a
tiny umbrella
stuck in
my throat.



There's 200 other bases like that one?!
283, if Anasigma's followed through on plans.



Where are they?
I don't know. I was in R&D, not Strategic Initiative.



All I did was design covert high-tech cybermilitary bases. I didn't **place** them.



Right, cuz that would be the hard part.
Have you **looked** at zoning regulations?



We're so screwed.

Chin up! We have great people and a building that walks around.

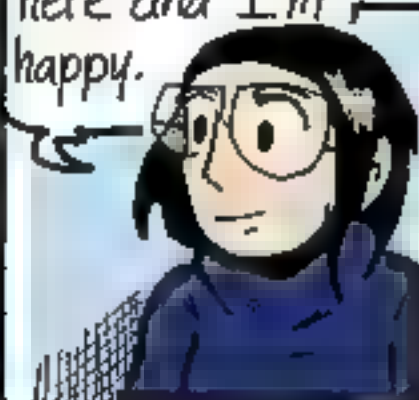


How can you be upbeat about this?

Perspective, I suppose.



When I worked for Anasigma we were sure of success, and I was miserable. Now I'm here and I'm happy.



So you get a kick outta being with the losers.

Please. The underdogs.



Everything's effed up.
That asshole in the
cybersuit just
now...



I think...I stopped
the suit. But how
could I?
Oh! Your
tranceiver
is working!



Ever wanna
tell me
shit **before**
we're about
to die?
Or there's an
electrical fire
in your brain.
But probably
the former.





After I retrieved
your brain, I made
some...modifications.

Course you did.



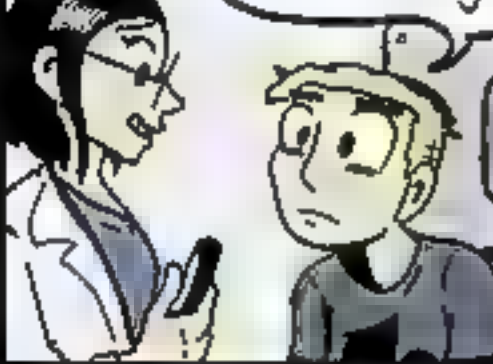
You know I took
out your language
filter. I also
implanted a
wireless transceiver.

Why?



Well...
that's the
interesting
part...

If I had
any sense
at all
I'd run
screaming.



But
you
don't.

I don't.
Tell me
everything.



A lot of the robots are requesting asylum.

In Annex One?

We may have to shelter more needy sapients.

Sigh...
You're right.

We've got plenty of space, but we'll need bunks... food... power sources...

Matching crew pajamas?

Oh, all right. But keep it tasteful.



We started as a social services org. I guess it makes sense to keep providing assistance.



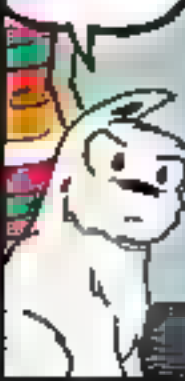
Still, after winning that battle, it'll be hard to go back to our boring old routines.



Hey guys. Just so you know, Dr. Lee says like 300 more cyber-armies are gonna be on our asses.



Lord do I miss boring routines.



She says they'll have "special head-lobbing action." The hell, Dr. Lee.



All robots who want to go home, to board Annex One, but you can't stay for the murder drones! let's go!



A-Sig is waging all-out war on nonhumans.



Oh, you just figured that out?

A-Sig had us collect data on nonhumans so they could attack them. Now we suffer the consequences.



Aw, man, the robots used all the clean towels.



That's just one stage in A-Sig's foul plan.

So now we're a rogue
refugee shelter
hunted by A-Sig.
Not great.



Let's remember we
have allies. The
Cypress...the undead
kingdoms...whatever's
left of the Transgenic
League...



The guy at Quizno's
who gives me sammiches.

Can we take shit
seriously for
three seconds?



We never joke about
sandwich access, Nick.

He says
it's so
I'll leave!

I miss
taking meetings
from the roof.



You're leaving with the clockwork robots?

Lot of them need repairs. Thought I'd try that "greater good" jive.



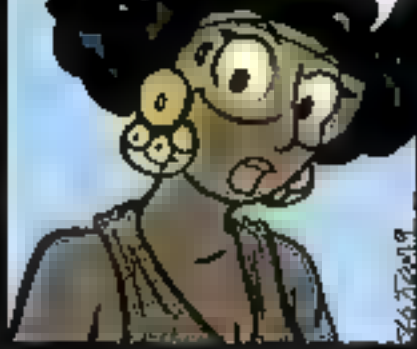
But...the time we shared...

We got our mojos back. You have my thanks, corn pone.



You know, you could just say "Dennis".

Dennis? That's the most far-out name I ever heard!



You just addressed me as a skillet bread.

You're Dennis? Is having spare names lying around a Man thing?





I'd like to talk
about what we're
feeling
right now.

Sure,
let's rap.



I feel like I made
a meaningful
connection with you,
but to you it was a
means to an end.



And I feel the
blood of the cosmos
thunder in my veins.
I am a space
goddess, sculpting
galaxies.



Respectfully,
that didn't
have anything
to do
with **me**.

Can't hear
you over
the
interstellar
wind!

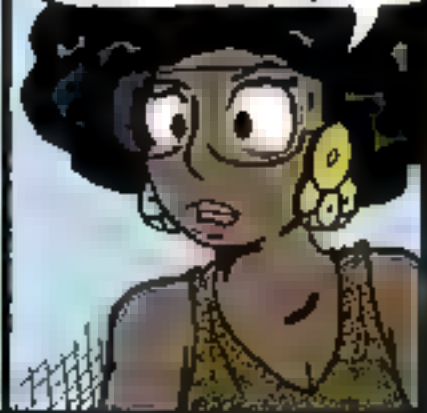


I guess this is goodbye.

Our paths may cross again, should the funk will it.



For now we follow separate grooves, you in your Manbot, me with my clock-work army.



But one day I may return, like a diamond comet igniting the ionosphere of your cubical world.



That's a poetic way to put, "I'll be back when I want sex and nuclear power."



Never again! Nukes'll break your heart!



Our little
fellowships
breaking up
already.

You'll
manage.
Remember
all my advice.



Ma'am, you already
said we're past the
point where you
can help with my
command.



How could I know
about coordinating
countless individuals
as one?



Sarcasm
doesn't
suit you,
ma'am.



My workers
that regulate
irony are off
in Tacoma
somewhere.



Oh, Nick.
You look
like you need
to talk.

Bite me,
Wilkin.

If you
want to
share,
I'm here.

Argh...
can't
believe
I'm doing
this...

It turns
out I got
a brain
implant that
can—

I had
sex with
someone
and now I
miss her!

You actually suck
at this, you know
that?

It's very
confusing!



Wilkin,
your
problems
are
bullshit.

That's
not very
constructive.

I look like I care?
I got a huge-ass
identity crisis and
I gotta put it on
hold to save the
damn world.

You gotta do the
same.
Nut up,
asshole.

That's true.
Wise words,
Nick.

More important,
at least you
got laid.

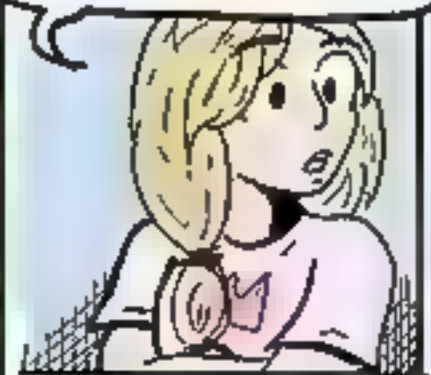
Also true

Princess, I didst mightily cock up in the outside world.

Yeah, Baron, you kinda did.



At least we came out ahead. With the power source from that A-Sig base, we can host all comers!



So... no more tournaments?

Just the one where everyone competes to be the one to kick your butt.



Pardon?

Orderly line, folks! You'll all get your turn!



Congratulating everybody!
Together we drove
off the A Sig troops



H U Z Z A H
G O K O P



I'd better let
Baron have
his body
back



Anything you want
to say first?

Chris Hensworth
is the senior
of all the
Chrises!



There you can
see that on
Baron's YouTube
channel?



Oh
sure

Celebrate!
We dropped an
entire Anasig
operating
base



Thanks,
I don't really,
it's not that
normal



Share there
are 283 more of
them nationwide, but
hey, we got rid of one



G U L P



There
you are
celebrating



I got a
big umbrella
stuck in
my throat



So were a rogue refuge
site - rated by A Sig
as our last mission.



The guy at
Quarant goes
side
concrete



Can we take
this seriously
for three
seconds?



But let's remember we
still have allies. The
Cypres are about
neighbors.
Are Wilson &
Johnson part
of the
Transigian
council.



We never keep
about
border on dress



is to stop
me from dropping
a red
water good!



I miss
being near
the forest

lot of them
need repairs. I thought I'd
try but responsibility

You're coming
with the
blackwork
robots?



I thought
you might stay...
after the time
we shared...



We got each
others' jobs
back. You had
my gratitude
and post



You're still
calling me nicknames!
I don't think I've ever
heard you
say
"Dennis!"



What's Dennis?
That's the
coolest name
ever!



You literally
just addressed
me as a skitter
breed.



Wait what
Dennis? Is your
name lying around
a Man
thing?



Tell me all
you know
about the
other A-Sig
bases.

Very well.
Remember
the arsenal
we just
took out?



Drones?
Nope! Exosuits?
Paramilitary
cyber-army?



You threw a soldier
at a drone? And she
landed on a sapient
Weinermobile? And
hot dogs flew all over?
With
mustard?



Oh yeah!
The
mustard
thing!

Okay, we're
ready to take
them on.

Sigh...



There's more bad guys to punch? Where?

I don't know. But I know where we can get that info.



Anasigma operates this small airfield in Kansas. It's relatively low-security.



You think we can break in?

It's risky. Fortunately, we have access to a crack infiltration team.



Hello! Sapient life needs your help!

And I got these batteries stuck up my nose, so back atcha.



I don't have any great advice. We didn't flawlessly infiltrate Anasigma.



Um, we did and it was sweet.

Only by dying a bajillion times!



It wasn't about skill or smarts. It was about sheer persistence.



You **did** manage to get this battery impressively far in.

See? My greatest strength!



Take a wrench. Try not to die. That's all I've got.

Do you get any insights from your, er, precognitive ability?



I can't just turn it on and off, but... hmm...



Oh! Ha! Ha ha ha! That's awesome! Ha ha ha ha ha!



It's just as well I don't believe in psychic powers.

Nera! Wait'll I tell you about the thing with the squeegee!



We are ordered to move
Southward from Washington
State. How stand our
fuel reserves?

STILL AT
"FILLING"
RATIONS.

Ah,
good.
So-

WHEN HITTY
REACH
RIVER
CROSSING
SHE WILL OPT
TO FORD.

Er
...

LET US HOPE
THIEF NOT
COME IN NIGHT
+ STEAL
OXEN!

My pip, kindly re-attempt
your Inter-Net search
for "Oregon
Trail."

WATCH OUT
FOR CHOLERA
THO.

Baltette says
we're gonna try
to infiltrate
that airbase

Good.
It's our
best
option.



You sure? You ain't
risking my team's
lives for...
for me?

I'm
sure!



Good, cuz my first
priority is getting
those base
locations.

Same



Just don't ask
about priorities
two through 18.



WHAT
WAS DAT
NOISE?

SEVEN MIGHTY
FIRE TRUCKS
AND SEVEN
MIGHTY HOSES



SEVEN MIGHTY FIRE TRUCKS
AND SEVEN MIGHTY HOSES



I'll stick out
at a human
facility.

So you'll
stay
be-

Exactly!
Disguise!



With the help of
one of the zombie
heads from the
basement, I'll blend
right in!

Hrrg.



THOK

See?

mrmf!



I was gonna suggest
a service dog vest,
but this is
way better.

My code
name: "Steve
Hugeface."



Fine. I'll stay behind
and run this
op from
HQ.

Headset
primed!



Each of you will
wear an earpiece.
You'll wonder how
you ever managed
without my v-

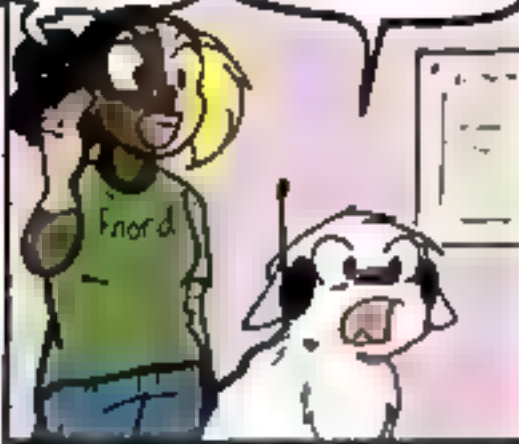


Oh my CRUD the
kerning on the
conference room
signage is off!
ARGH!



It's like
you're
right next
to me!

Scrub the op!
Form sign-
revision
teams ASAP!



I wonder where Tigerlily is now...

Wow, this is a change.



I'm the romantically fulfilled one listening to **you** kvetch. Our roles are reversed.



What's it like? Omigosh, let me tell you all the hot things my little chili pepper does!



Good lord, I'm insufferable. Sorry, you had a question?



Aw, I hope Tip finds true love!

Yes, but maybe he needs time to himself.



After all, there's nothing wrong with being single.



Uh, what's wrong, Nick?

Dr. Lee touched my hair three hours ago.



Unless you're doing it that way.

Once I unfreeze I gotta lie down.



The facility should be minimally staffed at night. Stay alert and we have a slim chance of success.



Sorry? I was powdering.



I was using Minecraft to put a box around Wilkin.



I was looking at, um, what Nick said.



I was in the bathroom.



Go, my stalwart troops.



I didn't hafta use the bathroom. I just like it in there.



The rigged access card ought to open the gate. It's green. We're in.



Making our way to central control.

Careful. We don't want any surprises.



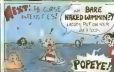
SURPRISE!



Okay, maybe one.

I heard shouts. Who's killing who?







We knew there was an inspection team coming in from A-Sig Central, so we thought we'd have some fun.



Oh, hey, but we're not—
Not bothered at all!
Thanks for the welcome!



But that's —
Look, Unity!
Shiny object!



Oboy! Wrenchalicious!
Huh. Jonah was right.



This is an...atypical Anasigma base.

We're in compliance with all death-trap regs!



See?



You've covered the blade with pillows.

Er, the manual didn't say we couldn't.



You're like a wizard. I should ask you for shoe workarounds.

Well, shoot, we get **kids** in here!



You said
you get
kids
here?

Yes, on
take-your-
child-to-
work days.



They learn how
their moms and
dads do important
work for national
security.

Oh.



Why
do
you
ask?

No reason!
It's not
like she's
hungry!



So much
nicer than
the last
inspectors.

You **just**
had cake!

What about
puppies?
Got puppies?



Ahem—I'd like to inspect your security and information systems.

This way.



I feel bad about lying to the nice people.

That's the nature of espionage.



Remind yourself it's for a greater cause, that we're on the side of good.



Still feel bad. You **sure** there's no puppies to gnaw?

Greater cause... greater cause...



So this is
the kinda
place you
worked at,
huh?

Er...it's an
Anasigma
facility,
at least.

It's cool to, y'know,
see where you
came from, how you
got to be the way
you-

Look out!
Acid
sprinklers!

Yeah,
getting
a picture
now.

Sorry! We took
down the warning
lights to make
room for
magnetic poetry!

S122/E



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It's safe
to talk.
Can you
sense
anything?

Nada. I
got no clue
how this
tranceiver
works.



What
did
you do
before?

I dunno!
I didn't
really
try!



Maybe I'm just
really bad at
picking up
signals!



You
don't
say.

You been leaning
forward and
licking your lips.
Could that interfere
with reception?



You've been a great help with everything.

Of course! We take security seriously.



Well, that's g-

After all, if we had a breach, Anasigma would penalize us.



Relay Station Six

Um, let interlopers in, and all that's left is the odor of burned flesh.



Everything except my conscience.

This used to be **their** manager.



You've got
cold feet
about harming
Anasigma?

Well...
the staff
here,
anyway.



We're not
getting paid
to tend
to humans.

We're not
getting
paid,
period.



I need a way to
keep **everyone**
from getting
hurt.



I... ate...
40 cakes...
feel...
terrible...

Is that
Unity? Tell
her not to
barf mid-op!



Not all A-Sig employees are irredeemable. What about Virginia Lee?

I'm still on the fence about her.

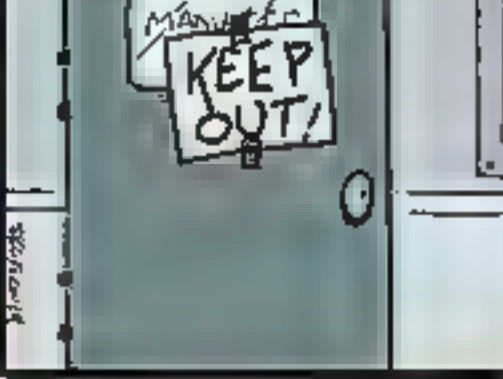
Just give me time! Maybe I can recruit the staff here to our side!

And how do you propose to do **that**?

So what else do you need to inspect?

That **was** thorough.

I aim for maximum compliance.



Don't let this sway your report. I just wanted your body.

Understood. So... how loyal ~~are~~ you to Anasigma?



Oh, utterly. Nothing can shake my loyalty.

Counter-point: I'm very attractive.



Okay, I'm out of ideas.

Completely unsurprised on my end.



I have
the data
we came for.
Where's Tip?

Trying to
goink the
manager
into joining
our side.



That
idiot.

Hey, it
worked
on you.



I didn't leave A-Sig
because I "goinked"
Tip! I broke their
programming through
lengthy soul-searching!



(also
i want
to goink
nick)

Seriously
the Tip tning
would make
more sense.





We have
a mission
here.

But I don't
wanna hurt
the free
cake people.



You ate
all their
cake.

Oh! Yeah!
Forget
them,
then.



Fine. Let's
collect
Tip
and—

But they're
alive. And
life has
value.



Caloric
value,
or...?

Alive people
can earn
money to buy
more cake!



We shouldn't have come here.

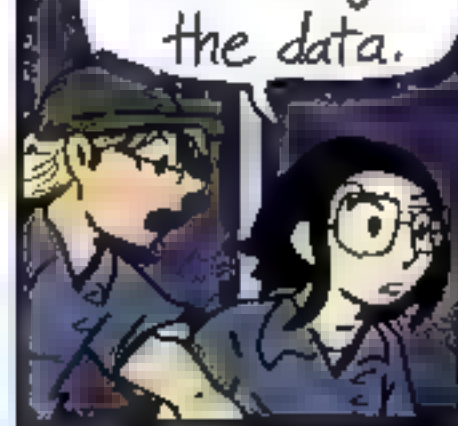
Maybe not. At least we got the data.

At the cost of people's safety. We could've gotten it another way.

There's nothing here we couldn't have found elsewhere!

I stood in the perfect spot for irony, didn't I?

Omigosh omigosh it's **BISCUIT!**



Nick! Look carefully.
Did I get it right?

I...yeah. That's
me. Holy shit.



What's going on?
I identified the airfield
most likely to store Nick's body.



I implanted a transceiver
in Nick's brain in the hope
he could connect w-

Check it out,
assholes!
I got
bitchin' guns!



And my
hard work
is **so**
appreciated.

Let's take
him through a
Burger King
drive-thru like
old times!



Is **this** what
this mission
is really
about?

Not
entirely.
But I
hoped.



If we take the
Whirligig, A-Sig
will **kill** the
staff here.

Think
carefully,
Tip.



These people **know**
that aircraft contained
a human brain. They're
fine with it. How far
do you want to go
for them?



Enough to feel
I'm not just
as bad?

Must
be
rice.



Aw, man, they
been tricking
me out!

They're reinstalling
the weapons systems
to original specs.
It looks so damn
sweet.

Nick, you're
a pacifist.
Why do you
want guns?

I'm a
virgin,
but I
want my
dick.

That's...
certainly
an
analogy.

Whatever.
Like you
didn't all
know.

Is there
an issue
with that
aircraft?

Oh! No!
But we, er,
need to
examine it.



Why? It's just another
failed prototype for
us to
salvage.

Who you
calling a
what?



You know how it is
when some crackpot
in R&D goes off
the rails.

Excuse
me?



To start, we took out
the ridiculous snack bar-

YAAH!
YOU DIE!

Pardon.
Inspector
meeting.





What's up, Gail?

We have a little problem.

Don't worry. The Anasigma inspection team is trained to handle the most unlikely disasters.

So what's the problem?

The Anasigma inspection team is at the gate.

What about the most likely disasters? Those, not so much.

The real inspectors.
We're screwed—

Ah! The decoy
team is here!



bu—

Yes!
The
decoy
team!

It's a test.
They'll try
to breach
security.



No matter
what they
say, don't
let them in.

They said
you're a
pack of
interlopers.



Ha!
Nice try,
decoy
team!

Don't fall
for it.
Maybe stun
'em a little.



I'd better help, er, assess the decoy team's work.



We can't keep this up much longer.



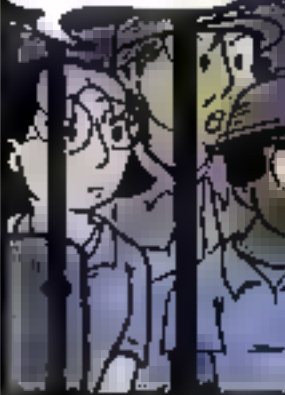
How have we kept it up at all? How are they fooled?

Either they had no idea what to expect from the inspectors and accepted us blindly...



Or?

May I at least come in to fix your mascara?

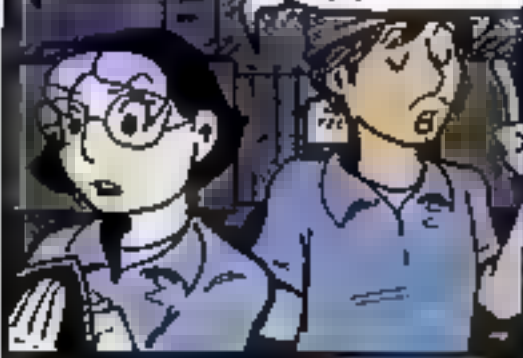


Oh my god save the makeup tips, James.



This facility's
compromised.
Let's call in
an airstrike.

Eh-eh-eh.
This requires
a more
subtle
approach.



Remember, we have
an asset that can
delicately tip the
balance.



Sorry I'm late,
guys. Had to finish
eating that pickup.



For the record,
the airstrike
would be
more subtle.

What
was that
about my
ass?



Trinity, we need your particular skillset.

Punching stuff again?



It **is** your strong suit. Gimme a chance to psychologically evaluate the enemy instead.



I could use mind games to avoid bloodshed—This place had cake and they ate it.



Those hosers are going **down.**

Mind games are **my** skillset.



Is this really a training exercise? I don't see how it's relevant.

Er—



SMASH!

I wanna talk to the buttholes who **ATE MY CAKE.**



Omigosh it's a me!
We gotta doppel-battle!



Fine, something like this **did** happen last week.

You folks too, huh?





Who are you?

The one who ate the cake, B.



And I lit this fire as a wicked sweet backdrop!



Gasp! The **prototype!** Will I be the one to take you down?



Better act quick.

Is that a threat?

No, it's just that the fire I lit is spreading real fast.



Classic always beats
new! Like in the
Battleship
movie!

One way
to find
out!



LOOK! ONE OF THOSE
BIG-EYED TOYS FROM
THE 90s THAT
RECORD YOUR VOICE!



WHERE?!



Those
guys'll
narc
on you.

You saw the
Battleship
movie
too?



What's going o—
what the actual,
there's two of them.



Anasigma made more
reverants? They told
me the project
ended with
Unity!

Yeah,
newsflash,
they're evil.



Evil **and** cheap! They
transferred me to
cut
corners! Clearly our
main concern
in this zombie
battle



Look how easily those
sutures rip! That's just
lack of
craftsmanship!

it's so
fucked up
this turns me on.



We need
to get
out of
here!

All exits
are sealed.
This is bad.

Nick,
you're
our only
hope.

I... I
got
nothing...

Well, **get** it.
I'll herd Unity
toward the
airstrip.

Okay, I am on a
completely different
mission
from you
two.

Yeah, that
part kinda
owns.

What **is** this plan
Virginia cooked up?
What do you
remember?



Nick, if your
tranceiver's working,
you should be able
to interface with
your aircraft body.



We just need to
get close enough
to bring you
in mission



I mean, what do
you remember about
the plan?

Plan?



Unity!
Follow
me!

Okay,
catch!



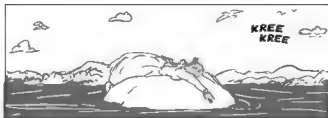
Eh?



I take it
the fight's
not going
well.

I'm
regrouping!
I'm
regrouping!





Get back to the airstrip! We can do that much!

Roger!



With Unity holding off the other zombie, we have nothing stopping us but ourselves!



Halt, if you don't mind!



Why you gotta be right, Wilkin?

Is that the false team? The little ones cute.





I gotta ask. Do **you**
got an unrequited
crush on **your**
colleague?

What unrequited?
We're married.



muh
...
muh
...

I ain't
never been
so happy
in my
life.



Aww!
Thank
you,
sweetie!

Don't let
it go
to your
head.



Y'know that
mirror universe
where we're all
dead or evil?
This is worse.

Mazel
tov!
Can I
say mazel
tov?



Give up, interlopers.
We all trained on
Anasigma strike
teams.



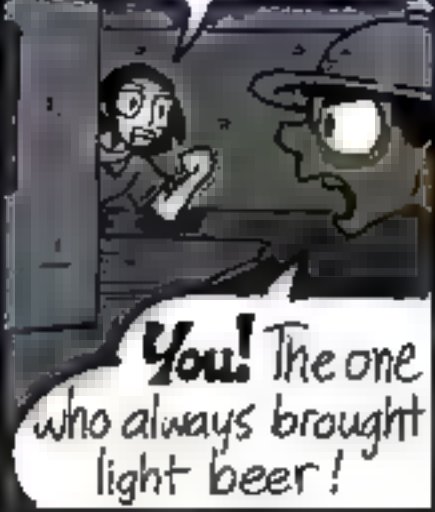
TOSS
CHOMP



YAAAAAAH
om nom nom



And **I** trained
on the Anasigma
softball team!



Stop
her!

Right,
right!



You
realize
this is a
stalemate.

Correct.
Neither of us
can bear to
mar perfect
beauty.



Only
one
way
out.

Intriguing,
but you forget
that I'm
married.



I forget
nothing!

Babe! Come back!
Threesome!

Like I could
handle two
of him.



Nick!
Are you all right?

I... I still
ain't got my
tranceiver
working.



You activated it
once! What was
special
that
time?

Well... you
were in
danger.



Oh!
Why didn't
you say
so?

Huh?



Take a shot, goons! I'm
on one last mission and
I'm getting too old for
this
poop!

That's why I
didn't say so.



That's right!
It's the
**SKIN HORSE
MAILBAG**

again!

Plenty! There's the long-haired
Dachshund, the long-haired
Chihuahua, the long-haired
Jack Russell Terrier...



This month's question from our
Patreon backers: "Any
suggestions for a long-haired,
Skin Horse-themed Halloween
costume?"



On, wait, this is a spoiler
Jeff. for the future plot where
I put the cast except Sweet-
heart in cryonic suspension...



I wasn't informed of this.
...and replace them with
talking dogs who are
preferably wearing single
items of clothing and/or
eye protection.



I'm not going
to draw
everyone
as dogs!



No! I
refuse!
It's silly!



Instead, I'll replace the cast
with cars and architecture
drawn in three-point
perspective.



And that's our mailbag!
Hope we answered your
question!



Really, just wait for the
dog apocalypse and dress
as a dog. It'll be much
easier.



A comic strip panel showing a man in a hat and a woman with glasses. The man is on the left, looking towards the woman on the right. He has a speech bubble that says "Gotcha!". The woman has a speech bubble that says "Ha! Big mistake!".

Gotcha!

Ha!
Big
mistake!

A comic strip panel showing a close-up of the woman with glasses. She has a speech bubble that says "By putting me in the crosshairs, you've forced Nick to expose his awe-inspiring power!".

By putting me in
the crosshairs,
you've forced Nick
to expose his awe-
inspiring power!

A comic strip panel showing the woman with glasses and a man in a hat. The woman is on the left, looking towards the man on the right. She has a speech bubble that says "Prepare for an onslaught of steel!". The man has a speech bubble that says "Excuse me! Causing some performance anxiety here!".

Prepare
for an
onslaught
of steel!

Excuse me!
Causing some
performance
anxiety
here!

A comic strip panel showing the woman with glasses and the man in a hat. The woman is on the left, looking towards the man on the right. She has a speech bubble that says "Once he gets started, he'll be able to stay up for hours!". The man has a speech bubble that says "Seriously can't tell if you're doing this on purpose."

Once he gets
started, he'll
be able to
stay up
for hours!

Seriously
can't tell
if you're
doing this on
purpose.

Come quietly and we'll kill you all.

Yes, I know the drill.



We don't care what weird crap y'all got's going on. We got no reason to keep you alive. So—



FWASH

Holy shit, guys, I'm in.



Okay, ~~that~~ weird crap I got questions about.

If you can access the speakers, play Zeppelin!



Say
goodbye—



Urk!

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA



What's a pacifist
need guns for?
Shooting up **other**
guns, melonfarmer!



Are...are
you
feeling
okay?

I'm looking
down and up
at myself!
This won't make
me crazy at all!



Unity! Where are you?
We've got to go!

No can do!
Epic battle raging!



What kind of
battle has you
too occupied
to regroup--



Um.



Staring
contest,
breather.

Joke's on
you! I got
backup
eyes!



Sorry, Unity, but
we're out of time.

Aw!

Ha! You can't run,
prototype! This
isn't over!

I'll track you
down and finish
this!

Rad!
Go-Kart
derby?

Yes!
Expect
no
mercy!

Glad you got
a playdate
out of this.

I saw the Whirligig!
What's going on?

Nick's made
contact!

Great!
Land so
we can
board!

I'm trying!
I ain't
a damn
Uber!

You got any idea
how hard it is
coordinating two
bodies at once?

I've
handled up
to six—

Not
helping,
Wilkin!





Sweetheart?
Come in!

Tip! Where have
you **been?**

Sorry. It's been
hectic. The good
news is, we got
the info we
came for.

And the
bad
news
...?

The **other
good news**
is, we've
arranged
transportation
back.

My zombie
head disguise
plan would've
gone more
smoothly.

Oh hey!
We got a
zombie
head, too!

Tip!
Get on
board!

I'm going
in myself!
Bad touch!
Bad touch!



If you escape,
Anasigma will
eliminate
everyone
here.

Why
tell me
this?



Because under that
beautiful, charming,
impeccably groomed
exterior, you truly
care.



After all,
you're almost
as great
as me!

We're
great but
incredibly
annoying.



If I stay, will you spare these people?

Tip: What are you doing?

Call A-Sig Central. Tell them you've got Dr. Wilkin from Skin Horse. They'll want me alive.

In exchange, nobody dies tonight.

No! You can't trust them to keep their word without Word-Keeping Form 18-C!

Right, have them fax that form over.

I am **so** bad at saving people.

Don't worry about me! Get back to Annex One and report!



You were right, Mr. Green wants you taken alive.

I **am** a psychologist.

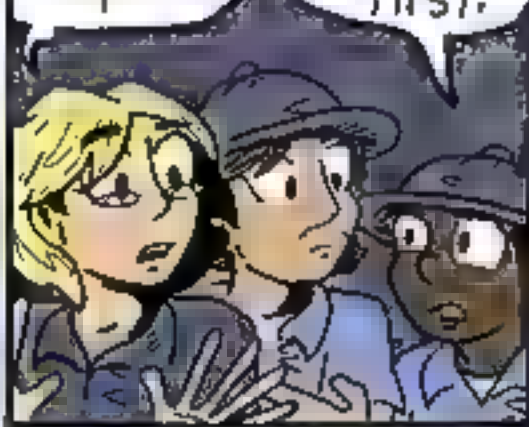


Don't imagine you're in luck. When A-Sig's done with you, you'll be a wasted husk.



All the more reason for us to make out on the way over.

On, all right. But sweep up Trinity first.



Is it true? You turned yourself in to save us?

Well, yes.

I must say, we're all moved. Your sacrifice won't go unrewarded.

Oh?

See? We made you Star of the Week on the staff bulletin board!

STAR of the WEEK

DIRTY SPY

That'll be a comfort as my toenails are pulled out.

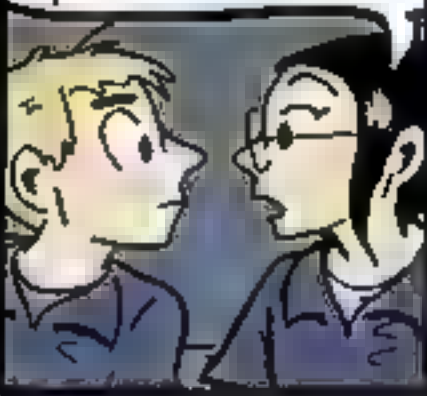
Thought so!

I don't feel good about leaving Wilkin.

He made sure we got out. We're both dangerous to Anasigma.



Together we can take them down. I have insider knowledge; you have cybernetic abilities.



Guys! There's nothing to eat but the old cheese curls under the dashboard and they just fall out my neck!



And Unity has the power of cockblocking.

We need a Trader Joe's!





Home sweet mecha.
Can't believe I get
to land on the roof
like old times.



How
are
you?

Great,
actually.
I'm getting
the hang
of it.



Now I got my
machine body back,
I can treat the
meat body as a
peripheral.



And I'm
doing rad
with zero
bodies,
thanks!

See? I ain't
even the
creepiest
thing going
on.



Holy crud, is that Nick?

Yeah, I'm back to being awesome.

We, er, ran into some problems.

Unity got ripped up and needs replacement parts?

Well, yes...

Tip did something dumb and noble and needs to be rescued?

You're getting good at this.

Course she is!

I'm on it. Tell Nick to vacuum himself out.

How did you know about Tip?

Funny thing. His earpiece is still on.



The earpiece!
Of course! He can relay vital information!



I'm sorry, but metallic eyeshadow in a warm palette is **criminal**.

Bronze metallics!
Bronze metallics!

OH MY GOD
you two
SHUT UP



We'll, not vital to me. I'm a winter.

Be glad you weren't here 20 minutes ago.



Sweetheart?
Come in.

Yes! Tip!
We're here!



Your earpiece is
designed to be
nearly invisible, but
eventually A-Sig
will find it.

I know.



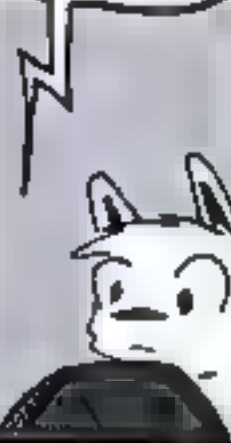
But until then,
I can feed you
info and keep you
apprised of my
situation.



And I can
get **you**
subscribed
to some
podcasts!



Please.
Dungeons
get **so**
tedious.





Nacelles
set to
hover,
Dr. Lee.

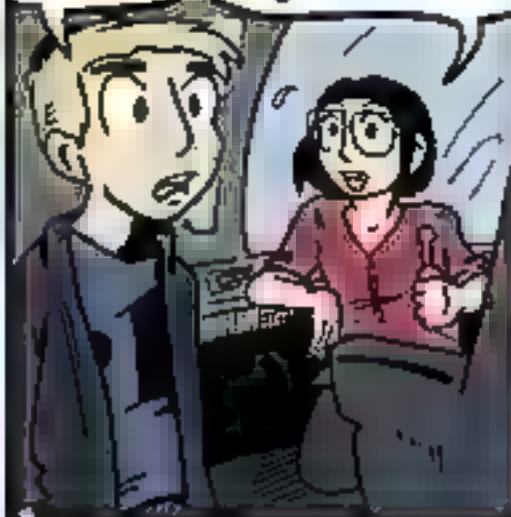
Your
control is
perfect.



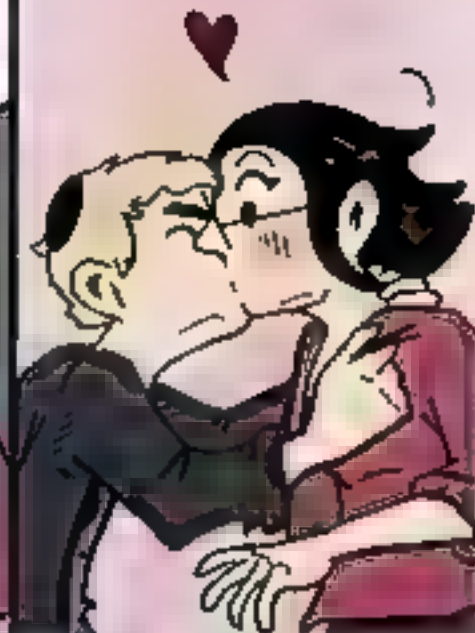
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It's so
easy.
Natural.

All it took
was a few
adjustments.



So...what function
do you want
to test next?

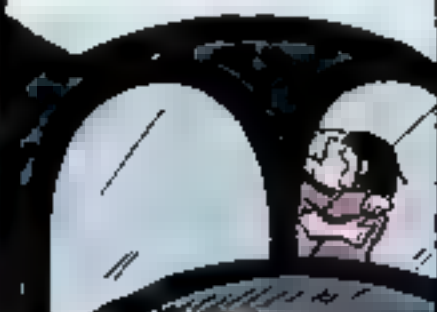




I'm hovering over the Appalachias. It's easy, it's **fun**. I'm a sweet armored cyborg and I can freaking fly.



But I'm also this guy. This guy in the cockpit.



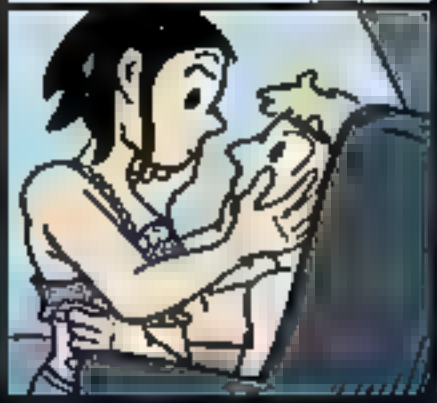
(Heh, there's a reason they call it...)

And this guy. This guy. Is scared shitless.



G-d, don't let me fall.

They weigh me down,
the things I've done.
Why did I do them?
Because I was told
to? Because it was
my job?



Nick has every
reason to hate me.
He's the face
of all my sins.



So to look in that face
and see only love...
at that moment, every
weight falls away.



He makes
me fly.

So was that
better than
flying?



Can you be a
gentleman
and say yes?

Um, I was
kinda flying
while we
were—

Let's just say
it's good to
be back.

Oh my... what are we going to tell the others? Why, are you embarrassed?



Oh, Nick... I think we might have something very special.



I want to handle this delicately.



Hey, guys. Meeting in fifteen-



Guess who just joined the Mile-High Club?

I'm a little embarrassed.



With Tip undercover at Anasigma, we need to realign.

Agreed.

We have the data we need to strike their bases, but our resources are stretched.

I propose Nick and I retire immediately to an empty conference room. Good meeting. See you tomorrow.

Not that kind of realignment!

Try the one down the hall! I put in a hot tub!

We're in a war now.
Things will get
ugly.



Gotta say,
I don't like
Wilkin being
at the mercy
of A-Sig.

He stayed
behind for
the rest
of us.



Whatever we have,
here and now, we
owe it to him.



I think we should do more
with it than banging
and watching
"Species" on my
viewscreens?

We also
eat cheese
balls.



A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

We'd like to take this space to address reader concerns.

Nooo! I don't wanna address concerns! I wanna draw smutty scenes!



Specifically, this is about the fate of this Anasigma agent, last seen getting chomped by Unity's head.



By the by, Shaenon cut my strip explaining that her name is Georgia.

I wanted to get to the boning!



The point is, we're here to reassure the readers.

Fine. Georgia is safe inside Unity's digestive tract.

Which is spilled across a parking lot in Kansas.



Shaenon! No!

You're right. Entrails are kind of hard to draw.



I assure you, Georgia suffered only severe but non-fatal hairdo damage.



But that's just our opinion. Death of the author and so on.

Great. Back to Nick doing makeouts.



All right! Customer service accomplished!

Eh. We just ticked off the guy who gets mad that we break for Sundays.



Tip!
Tip, are
you
there?

I'm here.
The question
is, are you
there?



Um
...
yes?

I've begun
to worry
this is a
cunning A-Sig
simulation.



What if this is all
a lie and I'm a
disembodied brain?

If you are, tell
me. It affects
grant applications.



If they're
simulating
you, they're
doing a
great job.

Also, turns
out it's a
big savings
on groceries.

Hey!



What's it like being an Anasigma detainee?

Disorienting.

I've been shuffled from facility to facility. I just wish I could see a familiar face.

Captain Wilkin! Thought I'd stop by before my golf meeting this afternoon.

I forgot the universe runs on "evil genie" rules.

I have more free time since I'm not in your lobby.

So we
meet
again.

Did any of
us ever really
meet you?



All my identities
contain some element
of myself.

Including the ones
who hit on me?



No.

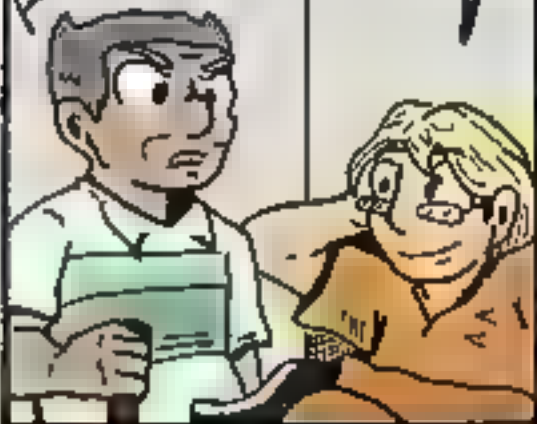
No.



Don't
worry.
It's the
normal and
healthy
response.

I don't know
why I let
you live.

Yes
you
do.



Have you been enjoying your accommodations?

You know I haven't.

I've been through Anasigma's gauntlet of physical and mental torture.

But we didn't scoop out your brain and trap you in a VR nightmare.

Er...

Or **did** we?

See? There! The mental torture!



As it happens, we
have a use
for you.

Doing
what?

Your old job.
Remember, Skin
Horse was always
under our
surveillance.

You can
protect
citizens
from
nonhuman
threats.

No! We
protected
nonhuman
threats from
citizens!

Yes, that
part was
puzzling
to watch.

One time we
rescued a
silverfish
from your
nostril.

Fine.
What's the
problem?

It's easiest
to show
you.



What
is
that?

That used
to be
Carbondale,
Pennsylvania.



Ah!

Exactly. The
plant-thing
you people
released has
gone wild.



We're in **Pennsylvania!**
My guess was Iowa.

We may have
disoriented you
too much.



2 gen dear Bob
you didn't see?

Listen closely, Nfk.
It's vital that you
understand it's ^{so} ~~important~~
because it hinges
on your brain
implant

102
1-4-1945

There is a slight
~~possibility~~ possibility
that we can
exploit the
remote function
2 $\rightarrow$ 1
1 $\rightarrow$ 2

But I bet
you can tell me
every detail
of her - right

You know
how long it's been
since had
a dick?

fr. man They totally
ruined the spot!

Feels like inside baggie
score kept of later than ... frang.

Getting gun in the
house come, dude! Effin' A!

Next I thought you
were a pacifist
why do you want
guns?

100  but that
don't mean,
 don't mean
my dog

That's...er...
surprising
for tonight

What's up?
ok. you
guy. I do
all p.c.

Day we spent to
for the ^{an} ~~an~~ rest
at that hunger before
they meant the ~~the~~
~~the~~ Al

quietly, so as
not to attract undue
attention from—

SMASH BOOM

Or we could
try the
subtle
approach.

Dalla:
I got
GUNS:

17- gñ
18- go

no need
to get
the
found
AKAP

FREYAAA

Noting
M. & P.

Your agency released this monster.

The Cypress? Your company imprisoned her here!



Later you even **strengthened** it.

Because you were killing her!



You introduced the vicious Jersey Devils to its ecosystem!

Your experiments **made** them vicious!



Hold on! I can still spin this as your fault!

You probably invented spinning!



I won't help you kill the Cypress.

That's not why you're here. We need your non-combat skills.



SPLOOSH

I excel at peaceful mediation and looking fabulous. I doubt that's what you need.



In fact, that's **exactly** what we need.



Then the hair product you've been providing is utterly misguided.

I personally need a stiff drink.



I've been making my own conditioner from gruel.



Anasigma wants to negotiate? Is this a joke?

Sadly, no.



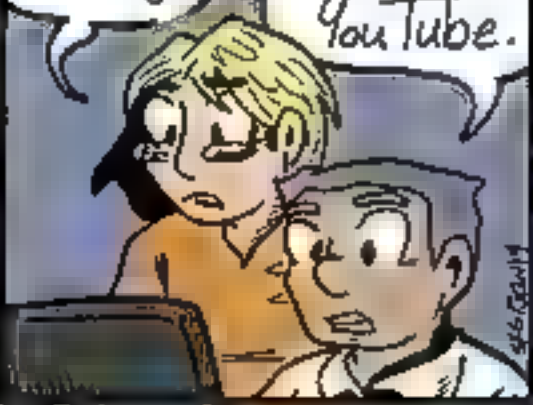
We've sent a dozen teams into that mess, and this is the only footage we've recovered.



-listen! I AM NOT WHO I AM I AM NOT WHO I GLRK



Is your monitor bleeding?



Bright side: apparently it's generating us revenue on YouTube.

The Cypress wasn't like this before.

Don't kid yourself, Captain. The thing's a horror.



I'd rather not deploy nukes on American soil, so I'm considering extreme ideas. Mr. Ask?



Erm, yes. I thought we might talk to it for a spell.



Glad you decided this is less extreme than nukes.



It was close. I rock-paper-scissored it.



Mr. Ask will lead Expedition 13. He comes to us from the Institute.

Ah! Nice to have a psychologist at the helm.



Say what?

Mr. Ask is more of a patient. But mostly lucid.



Would a lucid man volunteer for a suicide mission?

I guess I can't rule it out...



Sorry, I wasn't talking to you. I was asking my head-voices.

Now I can.



You have a **mad genius** leading this mission?

There's a method to it.

Something in that jungle drives sane men mad. We're trying a leader who's **already** insane.

Pardon. I've drawn up a tactical map and a plan for a four-dimensional boat. Which should we use?

See? You get options!

Actual prisoner here!





Black Ops Shenanigans by Dan and Jerry T. York

dan@blackops.com

Ah! The recon/assault agent I was promised!

Er... Skin Horse was a social work program.



I heard you stopped a werewolf **and** a zombie apocalypse.

Two zombie apocalypses.



But mostly we handed out brochures. Saving the world was a side effect.



Ah, like how I knitted this while invading Malta with my steam-powered death scow.

I do like that stitch.



Allow me to introduce our security expert, Lt. Eris

The pile of blankets?



5/16/04

Indeed. Coffee, Lieutenant?



Right! We move out tomorrow at 0500! Biological weapons invented and assembled!



Would a sip of that help me with all this?

Oh no no no. There's frog venom in there.



Am I the only one on the team who isn't a mad scientist?

I understand your concern, and I have two thoughts.

One, I may be diagnosed mad, but I'm competent and prepared. Two...

Wow. You are just the most attractive thing.

Was that thought #2?

Dunno. Forget how to count that high.

Because I was **also** thinking that I'm attractive!



We haven't been able to get drones far in before they're destroyed.

By what?

REMOTE SURV



Uncanny...**things**. They look like wild animals, but altered in ways I can't describe.



5/26/2019

Is "bear in a hat" really that hard to describe?

No, but it makes it sound cute.



There's an attractive lady on the team? Great!

No longer disapproving of my love life, huh?



I was thinking you could use your mojo thing to escape.

I don't know if I should.



A drone recorded one of Unity's fox hats. We bear some responsibility for this mess.



So you'll use your mojo thing to... stay right there.



Maybe. The drone guy is cute too.



Ready to move out in the A.M.?

I'm not sure I want to be the lone sane man with a team of lunatics.



Please. We need a person to make level-headed calls.

Okay. I'll do that.

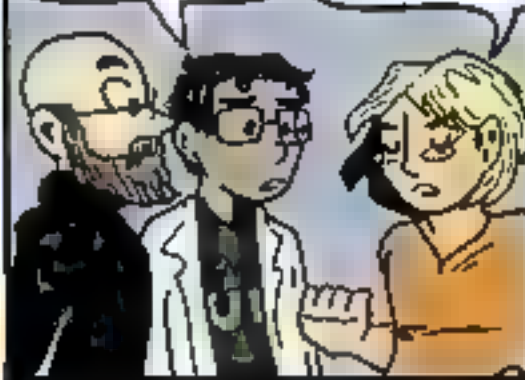


To start, I'll need throwback plaids, jade accents, and sturdy but on-trend boots.



We're not sure we want to be a team of lunatics with a sane man.

Someone has to wear the leggings of reason.



In all the
 the things I've done
 I'm on
 the way to
 the right.

But I also
 the things
 the things
 the things
 the things



And the
 I've
 the things
 the things
 the things



And
 the things
 the things
 the things

They weigh me to the earth
 the things I've done
 I was told to "Because it was my job"



So to work in that time
 and see only love... of that
 moment every night it's new



So was that
 better than
 flying?

Um, I was
 kinda flying
 the things
 the things

Can you
 be a gentleman
 the things
 the things

Let's just
 the things
 the things
 the things



Oh, lord what
 are we going to
 tell the others?

Why?
 the things
 the things
 the things

Oh, lord what
 are we going to
 tell the others?

Look, we don't
 have to tell anyone
 the things
 the things
 the things



Green, the things
 the things
 the things

Okay
 the things
 the things
 the things



Before you leave on this mission...

SNAP

What th—



Tracking/detainment collar. If you try to escape, we'll blow your head off.



No!

You're upset that it ruins your outfit, aren't you.



How frivolous do you think I am?

I'm upset that it'll ruin my tan.

Welcome to the jungle, Captain.

Three months of painstaking craft...



Tip, we've
got to get
you out
of there.

Little late
now. Anyway,
I need to
talk to the
Cypress.



Remember the mirror
universe? **That**
America was engulfed
by a Cypress
biomass.



Now
we're on
the same
path.

Not if I
broker peace.
We can stop
the New War
right here.



Counterpoint:
in the other
universe, I
got to be
President.

Let's
try my
arguments
first.



Gavotte! Maustachio
said you'd be
on the roof...

What are
you doing?



Planning my retirement.
I ought to have little
hobbies to keep
myself busy.



Sherlock Holmes
spent his retirement
cultivating
bees.

So
you're



Cultivating tall, ill-
tempered men, yes.

Can I
get out
now?

Sadly,
the world
depends
on us again.



Gavotte, you've known
the Cypress a long time.
Could she... snap?

Perhaps.



Collectives are
only as civil as
their leadership.

You mean there
could be a coup?



Nearly happened
to me once. My
personal rebels
favored coffee
over tea.



The Cypress
destroyed
twelve
death squads.



A far
less
severe
crisis,
then.



The biomass
core is in
the ruins of
the Anasigma
base.

The base
filled
with death
traps?



Yes!
Happily,
we have
an asset.

Peirson here.
Designer of
the eyeball
razor chimps.



How
is **he**
an
asset
?

What do you
know about
eyeball razor
chimps? They're
actually quite
pleasant!



He's
a
good
cook.

Next you'll be
badmouthing
my
drillovator!



You design
Anasigma's
employee
death
traps?

That's
one way
to look
at it.

The **wrong** way!
They're not traps.
They're adversity
mechanisms.

They make our
workforce smarter,
more prepared,
and honed for
teamwork.

I guess
there's
a weird
logic
there.

Exactly!
This tram will
explode in
30 seconds.
Get cracking.





Guess who
just joined the
Mid-High Club!



According to the drone sweep, we're close to where things go wonky

How'd you get sentenced to this mission, Dr. Tamtor?



I mean the others are clearly unstable, but you seem normal.

Normal?



Who said I'm normal? Did you read some file on me? Is there a dossier where I'm categorized as "normal"?



I withdraw my question.



Are They watching us now? Why are They invisible to my drones?!



I don't know
if our link
will hold
inside the
biomass.

You'll be
fine, Tip.
Stick with
your team.



Sweetheart, they're
a mismatched gang
of dangerous
weirdos.

Exactly.



Sounds like
Skin Horse.
You'll be right
at home.



Though
we never
fastened a
bomb to your
head.

Unity did,
but only
for April
Fools' Day.



The tram's stopped.
Until we can devise
some kind of land-boat,
we continue on foot.



This'd be
a bad time
for my
caffeine
withdrawal
to kick in.



If you
like, I
can help
you with
that.

Ah. Would that
involve a lot of
intense one-on-one
time?



It just
might...

This isn't
the smash
cut I
was hoping
for.



Hi! The only
chemicals I
need are the
ones Anasigma
slips in my
MREs!

This isn't
the
private
session I
had in mind.

Oh! I'm not
sure it's a
good idea,
with the
bomb collar.



My very life
would depend on
slow, sure movement
with flawless
precision...

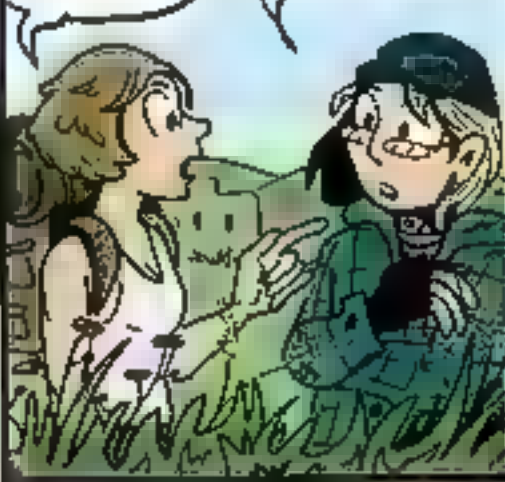


Mm.



So, those
bushes
over
there?

Yes, I think
I have this
worked out.



I should warn you, I
tend to sweep partners
somewhat dramatically
off their feet.



Oh
yes? Just be assured
that whatever
happens, it's
nothing to worry
about.



blink

Okay, **this**
is a tad
worrying.



Er... hello?
Lt. Eris?

Over here!

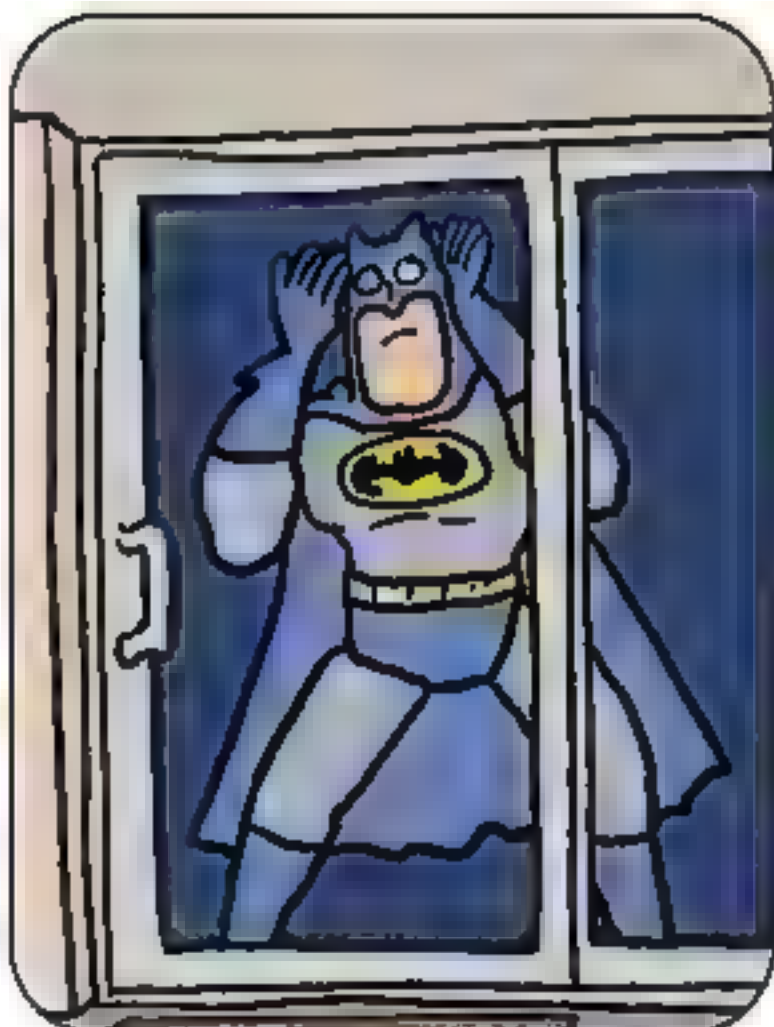
There you are!
We were starting
to worry.

Thank goodness we
weren't seriously
separated. I was
only gone for—

...sixteen
hours.

Have an
amnesia
s'more!

HEY ANDREWWWW!



IT'S ME, BATMAN!



I HAVE THOSE EDITS
I TOLD YOU ABOUT...



THEY'RE THE
BEST EDITS!

BECAUSE
I'M BATMAN!

SQUEEEEE



IM BATMAN,
ANDREW.

BATMAN....

I lost **sixteen hours?**

We all did.



We've been comparing notes.

One second we were hiking, the next we were here.

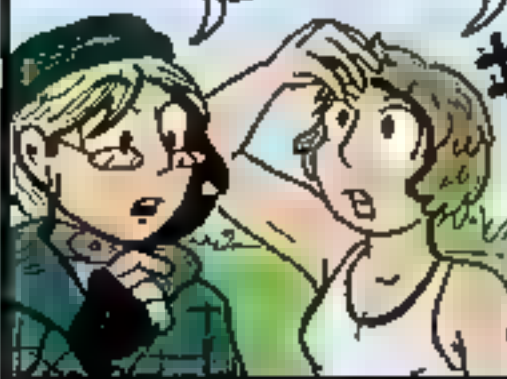


It seems during the fugue we even set up camp and collected firewood.



I hope I did something more fun with **my** missing time.

There's no grass in our hair, so probably not.



The drone footage from our missing time is scrambled, but GPS puts us deeper within the biomass.

Good. We're on track.



You still want to stick to the mission?

There's a sensor outpost. We can head there.



Peirson can help navigate, Anasigma's... unique architecture.



Relax. There'll be a deathtrap infirmary on site.

"Relax" and "deathtrap infirmary" are mutually exclusive.

Does no one appreciate a nice murder hospital these days?



I'm not going
into a booby-
trapped
A-Sig base.

My traps
will have
kept it
safe!



We can disable them
once we're in.
Probably.

No! The only
safe direction
is out of here!



GRAAUGH



I've reconsidered your
logic and this direction
is good too.

The ones
I **can't** disable, I can
feed you expendables
to.



This way!
I'M GIVING BOTH
BARRELS BUT THE
CRITTER KEEPS
COMING!



There!
The outpost!
ONE
EYEBALL'S
STILL
DANGLING!



Everyone
in, if
you'd be
so kind!
NOT 'TIL
I REDUCE
THAT SKULL
TO POWDER!



Did you drink all the
coffee during your
fugue?
POSSIBLY!



Barricade
the door!

I'll set up
a drone
perimeter!

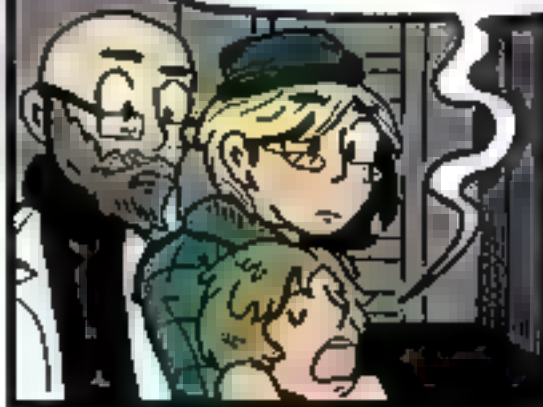


I'll take watch!
Two watches! Sleep
is a disease the
weak succumb to!



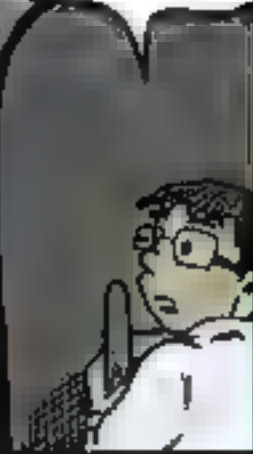
Set her down gently.
She may explode.

...fine long's there's
a Peet's in here...



I'll disable
the death
traps.

First time
I've been
grateful
for those.



True.

At least
the traps
kept out
monsters.

This place is
impenetrable
to all
threats.



Heya! Kilt party
at the creepy
old station!
Wooo!



But
penetrable
to boozy
louts.

Limbo under the
deactivated
scythe!





I know you!
You're one of
the scientists
from St. Charlie.

Dr. Phillips.
No idea
how I
got here.



Doesn't
that
concern
you?

Not really.
Spontaneous
teleportation
happens a lot
at St. C.



And the last ruined
city I woke up in
didn't have alcohol,
so score!



Did you use
up the cooking
sherry making
sangrias?

Hey, it's
missing
time
o'clock
somewhere!



While Peirson prepares dinner, we'll decide who gets which room.

Are you crazy?



Yes. We can't take separate rooms! We need to stay together!



Agreed. And to my roommates, I promise to keep my nightly body hair removal regimen to under two hours.



Mutiny rescinded. I call a window room

I swear, you're a werewolf **one time...**

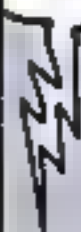


...and it's
Phillips,
from St.
Charlie.

What's
he doing
there?



No idea. **He**
has no
idea.

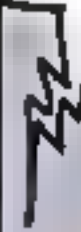


Roger. I'll
suss out
if St.C
is running
any ops.



I'm comforted by
your command lingo.
It's very
authoritative.

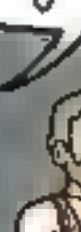
Really?



Well, a-firm
to that,
jarhead!
We got
your six.



And now
my ears are
bleeding.
Goodnight.



Doctor?
Wake up.
There's
something
outside.

Hrph?
The bear
again?

No, it
looks
human-
shaped.

Take a
minute to
wake up.
I've got
coffee.

GULP

Oh, I see.
Those were
two totally
unrelated
statements.

I JUST
REALIZED—
WE'RE
HUMAN-
SHAPED!

I've got
a camera
on our
visitor.

Let's have
a look
before
waking the
others.



bing



© 2005 SCW/M

Well, **that's**
disturbing.

Yes, it raises
unsettling questions.



I mean,
mustard
and teal?
Why?

And not
even any
garter stitch!
Focus!



I don't recognize
this person.

Nor I.

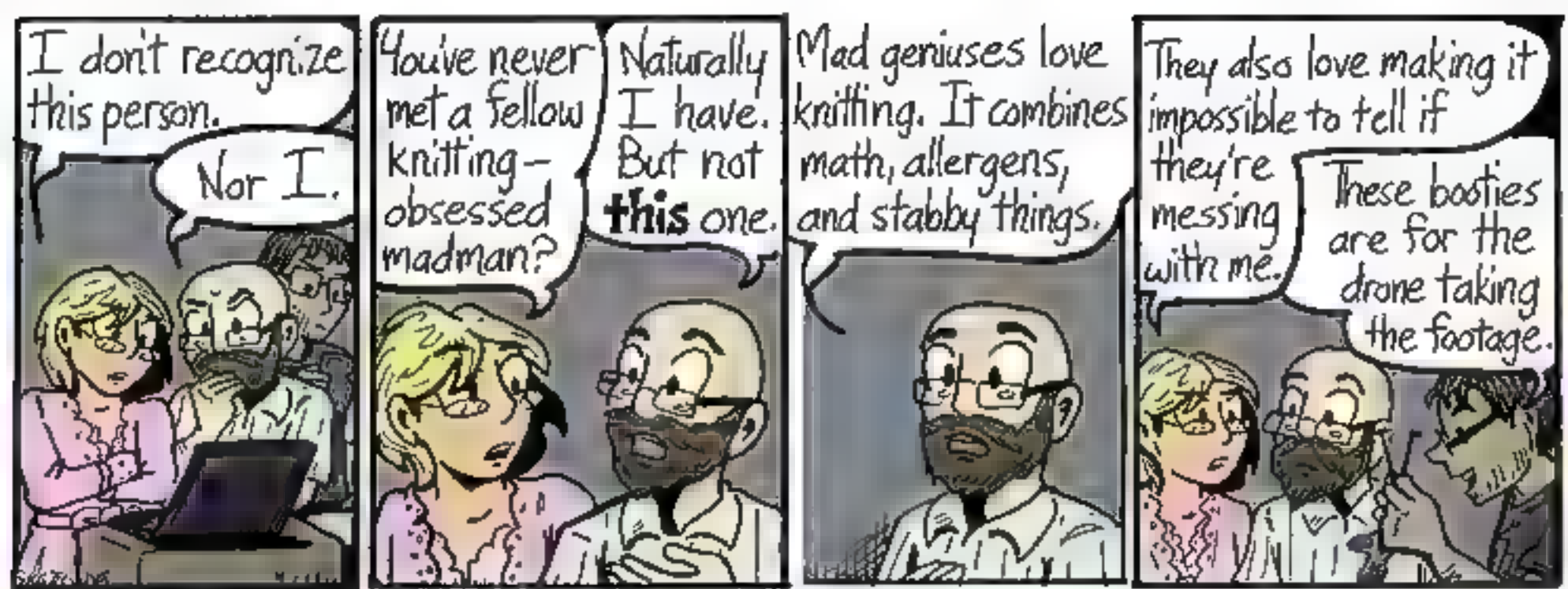
You've never
met a fellow
knitting-
obsessed
madman?

Naturally
I have.
But not
this one.

Mad geniuses love
knitting. It combines
math, allergens,
and stabby things.

They also love making it
impossible to tell if
they're
messing
with me.

These booties
are for the
drone taking
the footage.



1000



1000

1000

Hey, guys!
What're we
looking
at?

There's a
lunatic in
the woods
in a jumper.

Oh, yeah, the knitting
ninja guy. What's
up with
him?

You know
him?

We haven't met, but
I've seen him out
there. You don't want
to take your eye off
him for a **second**.

Like we
did just
now, you
mean.

Covert skills
and terrible
color sense.
This is a
crisis.



ARRGH!

Pearson!



How'd the sweater guy get past my perimeter security?



If he can do that, he's capable of **anything!**

All right. Which of you clowns dressed me in this thing?



It's worse than I ever imagined!



I **would** like the pattern, though.



You didn't see the intruder at all?

I just woke up wearing this oblique knitted threat!



Are you sure?

That's how the knitting ninja works. He's fast.



Um.

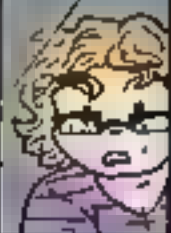
Real fast!





Entering
the
Boston
area
now.

Good.
Time to
pay a
visit to
St. Charlie.

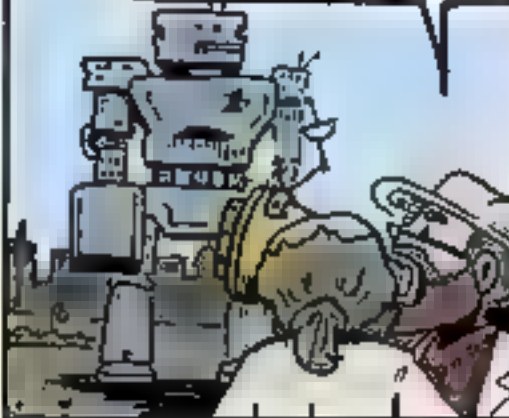


The mad science
city? Aren't they
secretive and
hard to
contact?

Normally.



HEY! Delegation from
St. Charlie here!
We wanna see your
cool giant robot!



Gotta love a
town with
its priorities
straight.

Only if you
promise not
to break
it!



AWW!

Nice
mobile
fortress!

Is it okay
to leave it
parked in
downtown Boston?



With most folks
reality blind, you
won't have to deal
with much
nonsense.

Good!
So, to
business--



Use your
robot to crush
Dr. Kirk's
recumbent
bicycle
technology!

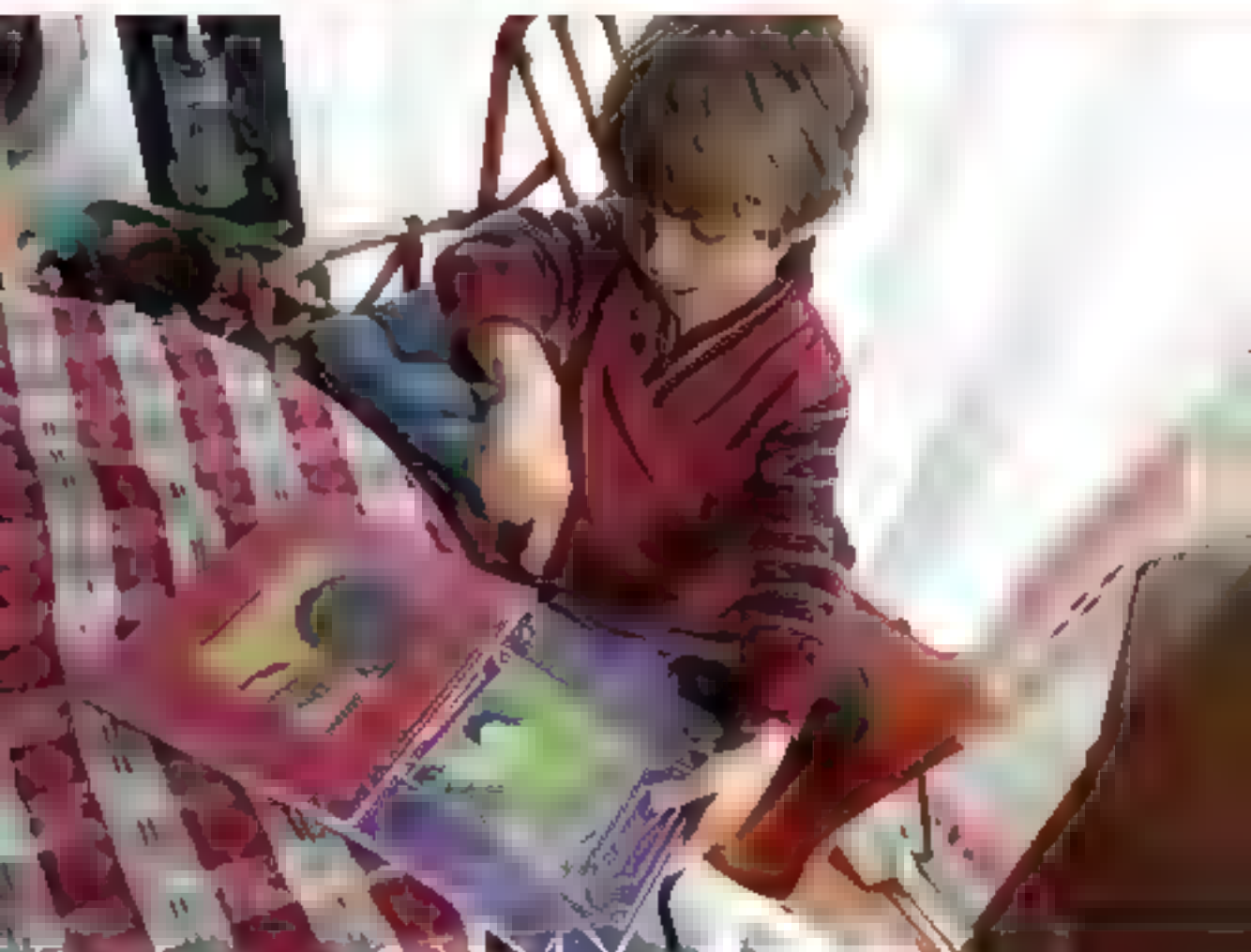
True, but
for Dr.
Kirk's
standard
bike
tech!



There's always
enough
nonsense to
go around.

Bike race
for the
robot!





One of
your guys
is in
Carbondale.
Why?

I don't think
we have
anyone out
on fieldwork.



Dr Phillips. Goofy
hat, kilt... You must
remember him!

No, but I'll
ask around.



Say, Phillips,
do you
know a
man in
a kilt?

No, but
if you
hum a few
bars I can
fake it!



I hate
dealing
with mad
geniuses.

See, that
hat is
perfectly
sensible.



Phillips?!
You're in
Carbondale!

Really?
Because I
seem to
be here.



Do you
have a
teleporter
or
something?

No, and
I haven't
been to
Carbondale
in months.



Then you've
got a clone.

Nope.

Robot double?

Nah.

Mirror
universe
self?

I
wish!



I have to wade
through so much
unnecessary
silliness to get to
the silliness
I need.

I know.
Isn't
it
great?



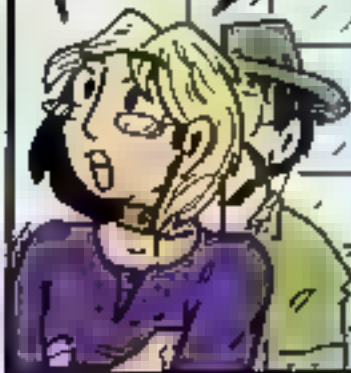
Listen,
Phillips isn't
Phillips. He's
a clone or
something.

That gets
with the
message
on the
sweater.



I have no idea
what that means,
but okay.

So
what now?

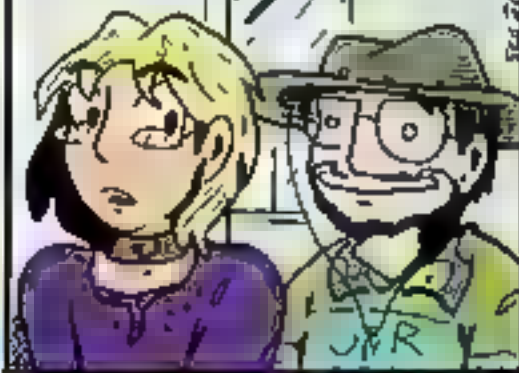


For now, keep an
eye on him. Don't
let him get
too far away.



Done.

Great!
Stay on top
of things!



Er, hello, Dr.
Phillips. May I
help you?

I, er, guess you
heard me talking
to myself. It's
just a little quirk
of mine.

I'm sure you have a
few eccentricities
of your
own...

GWAAAAA

Yes!
Like
that!

AAAAA

Okaaaay... let's
talk this out
until I can get
to my gun...



CHOMP
FWOON

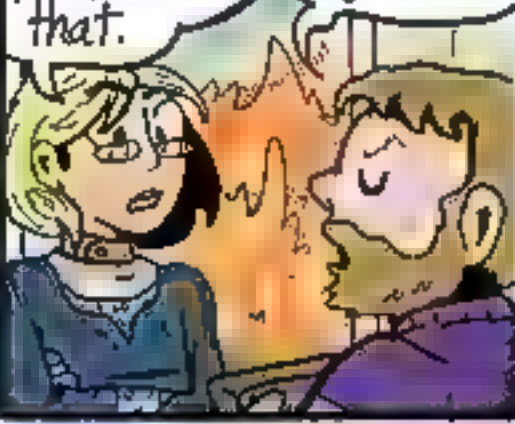


Person! Thank God
you built an
incinerator death-
trap in our bathroom!



For the record,
I don't
usually thank
people for
that.

Finally
you
appreciate
genius.







There! My security devices show I'm not a duplicate!

What does that prove? They're **your** devices!

Maybe you're getting better at copying us.

If I'm not me, why would I help Wilkin?

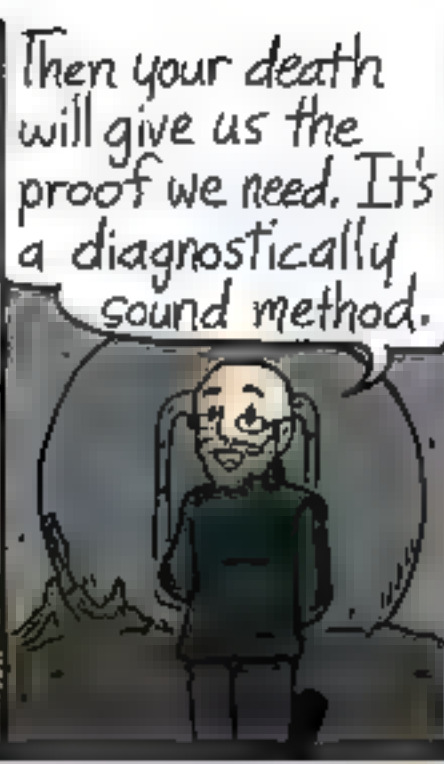
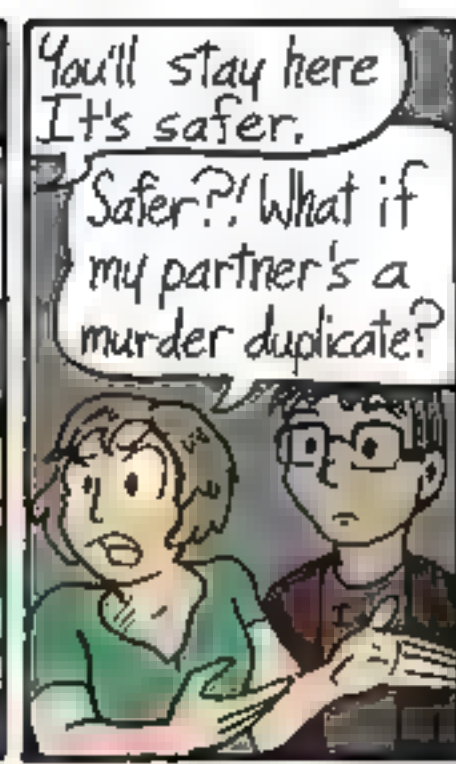
If you **are** you, why would you help Wilkin?

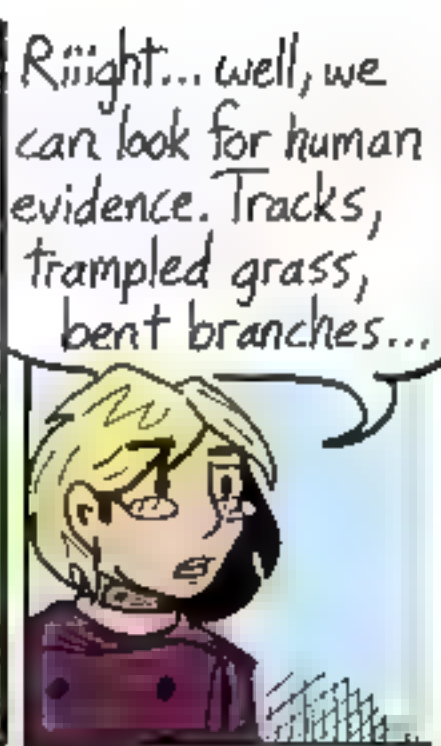
Hey!

I'm just saying, the helpfulness is out of character.

Argh, you're right. Maybe I **am** a duplicate.









I don't care how fast you are, you don't bring a crochet hook to a gunfight.

Who says it's a fight?



You killed Mr. Ask! Bah. He's only sleeping.



I needed him out of the way. You're the only one I can trust.



If there's going to be exposition, I need my exposition hat.



Wish I could trust someone else, but nooo...



I'll be quick. Anyone on your team may have been replaced. It happened to mine.



Why trust me?

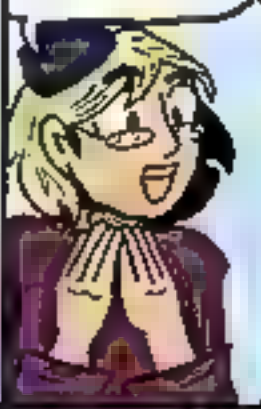
They may have put on stolen clothes. They may have picked up stolen gear.



The one thing they can't have stolen is a locked, armed bomb collar.

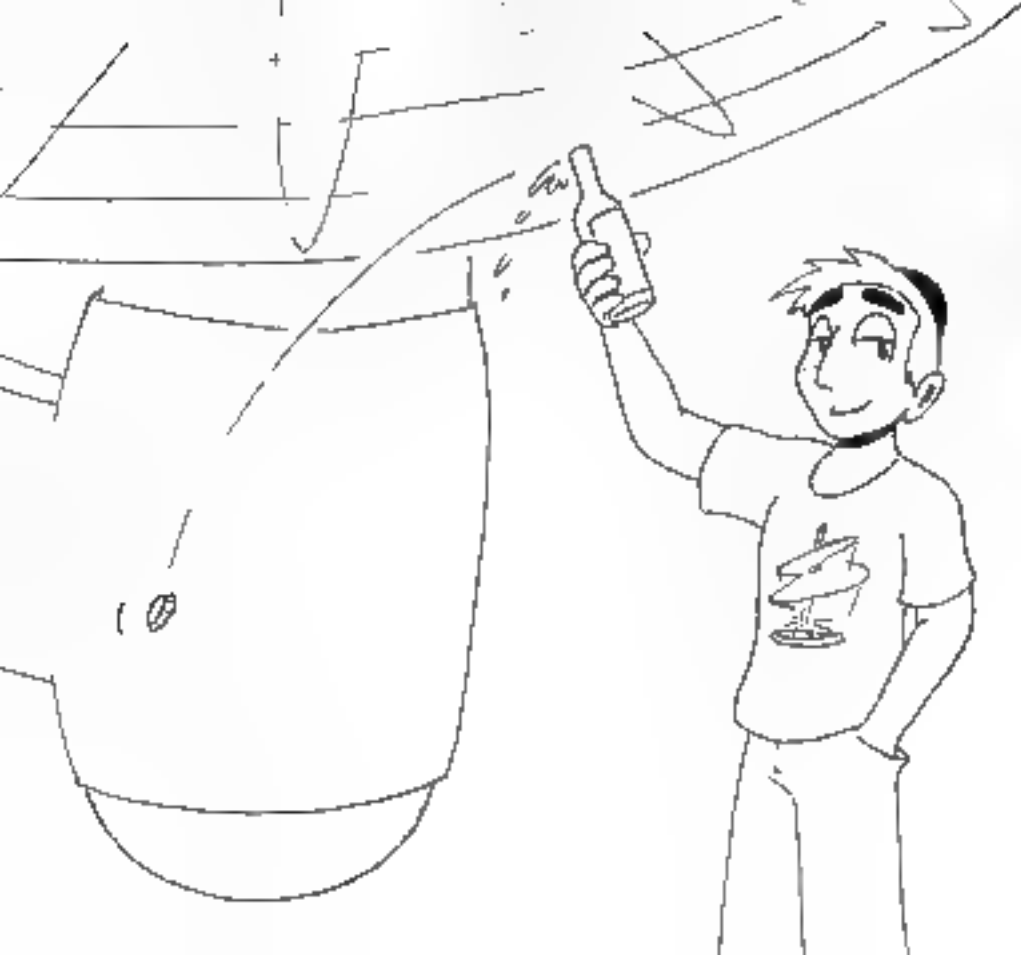


So it has advantages **other** than setting off my collar bone!



Of course. Sometimes I wear one to improve concentration.





Skin
Horse



He was talking to me! I'd almost won his trust!

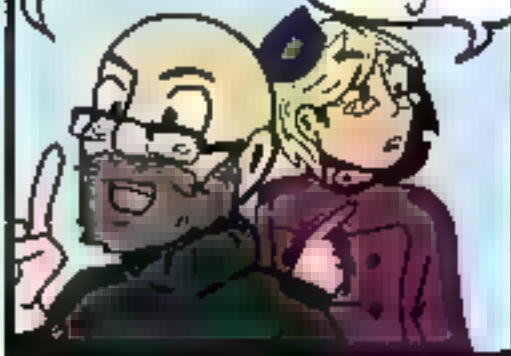
He's still breathing.



We'll take him back and question him from a position of power.

A plan with no flaws!

Where'd he go?



GRAAAWR



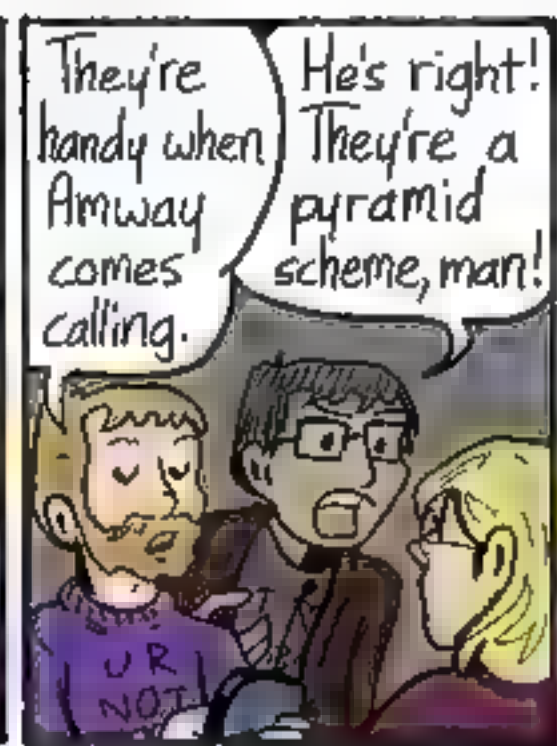
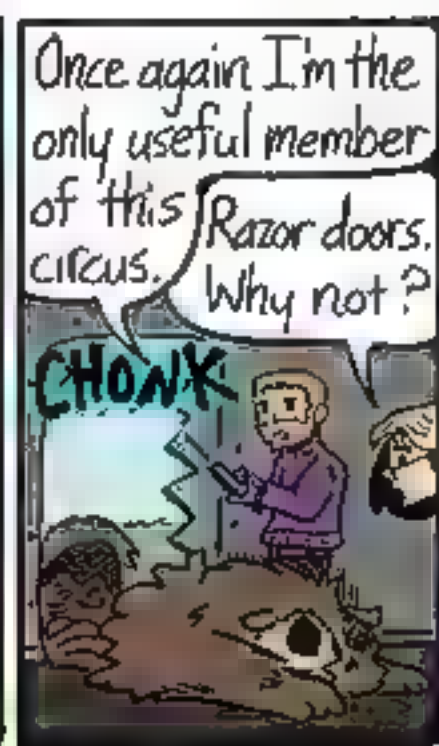
Fine. One flaw. Still clever.

Oh, there's no getting the stairs out of that scarf.









You idiots still think I'm a monster?
I'm the only one reducing their numbers!

Er...



twitch

twitch



nop

nop



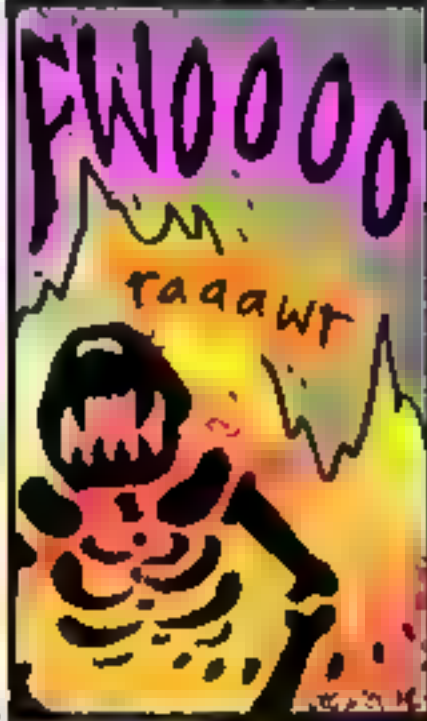
You **doubled** it!

Don't "math" me on this!
They're smaller by half!





If there's one thing
that reacts badly to
fire, it's **plants!**
Take **this!**



If there's
one thing that
reacts badly
to fire,
it's **us.**

No big.
Someone
invent an
emergency
exit gun.



This passage leads to the tunnels under Carbondale!

I know those! We can hide there!

Negative.



This is where I make my stand. I'll hold the creatures off while you get to—



Oops! Caffeine crash!



Maybe the creatures will be laughing too hard to kill us.

I wanna be carried too.



We're safe
for the
moment.
I'll take
first watch.

What if
you're a
plant
duplicate?



Please.
You can't
duplicate
savoir
faire.

Anyway,
you're
the one
with a
sweater!



If you're
that
worried,
I'll watch
Peirson.

And I'll
watch
you, allll
friendly
like.



If I get
raccoon eyes,
just feed
me to the
plants.

Mix it up!
We'll watch
each other
counter-
clockwise!



This is silly.
We have
to trust
each other.

That's
what they
want you
to think!



Well, I'm going to
bed. I'll be in
one of the bunker
rooms, staking
out a cot.

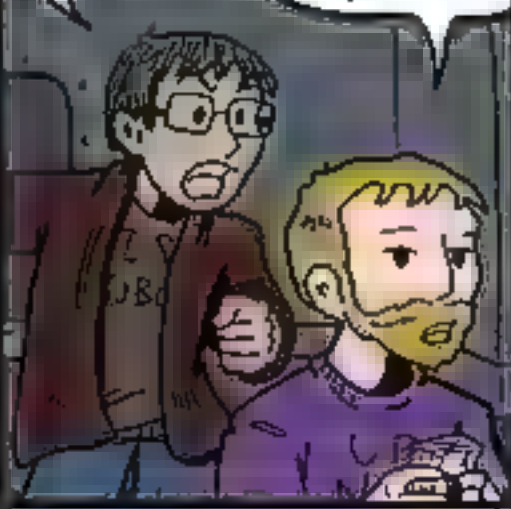


Well said! I'll be
in the same
bunker, staking
out Tip's cot.



See?
Conspiracy!

Uh-huh.
You up
for poker?



Hey!
You two!
Aren't you
from
Colma?

Yeah. We're
in St. Charlie
for an
undead
confab.

Ever since Dan here
infected me with his
zombie virus, I've
fought an all-
consuming rage.

One crack
in my self-
control, and
I unleash
havoc.

I told you,
I'm not a
rage zombie.
That's just
you.

Whose
flesh will
slake my
wrath?

Just
stay off
Twitter.
You'll feel
better.



Maybe you can help me. Colma has a Cypress offshoot, right?

Sure, in our sewers.

Can your Cypress...

I don't know. It's not like I wander around the sewers, duplicate people?

I do. The murk... it calls to my blood.

Okay, that's not even a zombie thing. You're making stuff up.

Ooh, a lobster roll stand. It calls...



You have an agent
embedded with folks
who might be
doppelgangers?

Sounds
unsafe.



I hope you
reminded him to
take precautions.

Just did.



He said he was off
to bed with one of
them and had
done exactly that.



What's your
organization
do,
exactly?

I don't
even
know
anymore.



I'd like to extract
Tip from Carbondale,
but it's —

Yes?
Yeeees?



—difficult, but if
I can get help
here in St.
Charlie—

Crud!



Is there a
problem?

Nobody's
using the
"I" word!
It's
impossible to
do my bit!



Nothing
is
impossible,
Dr. Walske.

This place
is no fun
anymore.



Actually, I may
be able
to help.

Oh
yeah?



I've been working on
adaptive camo paint.
Turn invisible, extract
your man, boom,
you're done.

Wow!



Impressed,
huh?

No!

I didn't know
you did stuff
besides lurking!



The camo
helps
with the

lurking.

Maybe don't
have a step
called "boom"
for a guy in a
bomb collar.



Do you have enough
of that invisibility
paint to coat an
aircraft?

Just about.

Hey, hey,
Perfect! I expect
something in
return for this
miracle of science.

We're kinda broke.
Paying what that kind
of mad tech is
worth would be...

...
would
be...

... impossible.

Thank you!
Deal!

Nick, see
me in my
office.
We need
to talk.

Screw that.
I can't fit
in your
office.

Human
you
can.
C'mon.

Sorry, you
confusing
me with
my meat
peripheral?
Cuz, wow.

Uh-huh. And
what's the
peripheral doing?

Nothing. I mean
important shit.
I mean shut up.

Oh, tell
her you're
two miles
away.

Nah, still on
the roof.
Peripheral.



Make Nick invisible?
Neat.

Choosing between flight and invisibility **is** for chumps.

We'll rescue Tip from under Anasigma's nose!

Wait, tho. Ain't Wilkin wearing a bomb?

True. I'm glad you're thinking of his safety.

Nah, I just want him to blow up outside my hold.

You don't **like** Tip much, do you, Nick?

I got steam-cleaned for the lady here. I don't want no guts spoiling the mood.



Let's see this invisibility paint in action.

Fire up the activator!

POW

Amazing!

It leaves the people inside visible? That's ridiculous!

Ridiculous... or **impossible?**

Just ridiculous!

We're losing focus on the part where I'm Wonder Woman now.

Keeping this going is like getting kicked in the brain, but sure, keep arguing.

Ugh...
running
mad tech
gives me
a migraine.

Can you fly
without your
human body
in the
cockpit?



Sure.
I can
do it
from
bed.

Okay, this
still works.
You can fly
into Carbondale
solo.



Let's meet
with the
heads of
St. Charlie
and plan.

That
I can
do from
bed
too.



Dr. Lee doesn't have an
extra body to leave
behind!

Darn
it!

C'mon,
ten
minutes!



Flying for St. Charlie,
I've dealt with every
type of paranormal
flight risk.



I'll brief you on
A-Sig airspace. May
I inspect
the craft?

I'm the
craft.



Maybe not every type.

And no you
may flicking
not.

That
job is
taken.



You'll be flying in blind. Best advice is to use all your senses.



Get in and proceed slowly, examining every nook and cranny.



I hope Tip is doing the same.



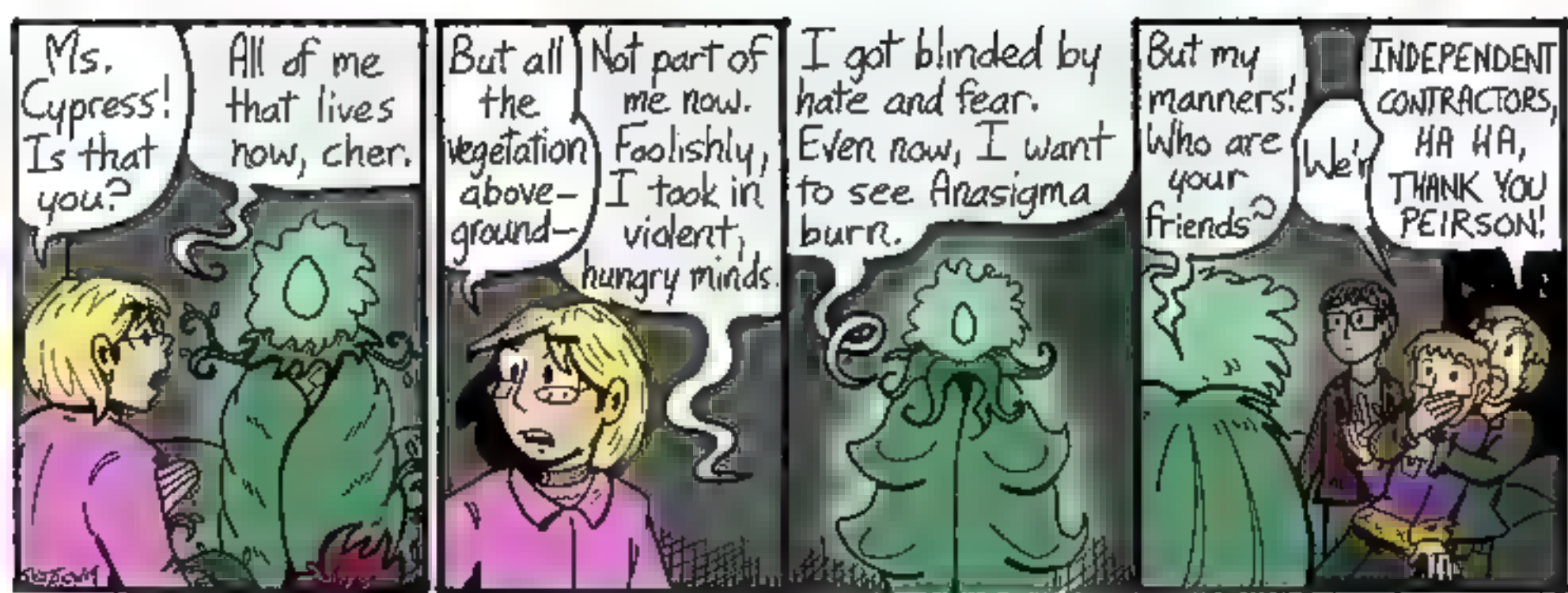
Good morning! I can say with 90% certainty that Eris and I are **not** plants.



All this and pocket lint for breakfast.







Lady, it's a
horrorscape
up there.

With more
aggressive
members, my
collective
changed.



At first I relished
the new ideas.
Anything to protect
myself.



But part of me
got alarmed, and
that part got
cut away.



So the face-melting
doppelgangers weren't you?

Gracious! I couldn't
put the hat on the bear
without getting the willies.





**THERE IS A POINT WHERE WE NEEDED TO STOP
AND WE HAVE CLEARLY PASSED IT**

**BUT LET'S KEEP GOING
AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS**

THE SATURDAY EVENING
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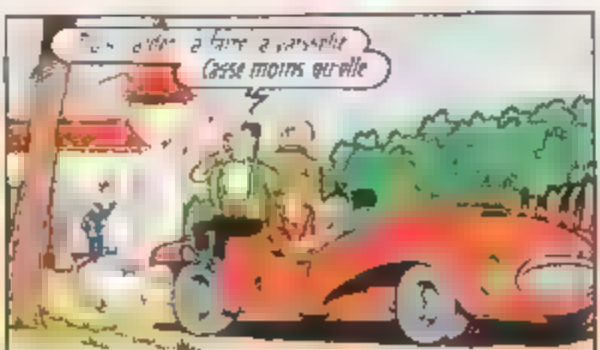
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CAMAZOOTZ!



A CE MOMENT, LES
MÉTAYERS DE FAIN
TOMES ARRIVENT AU
BUT ET SE RUENT
DANS LE CHATEAU.



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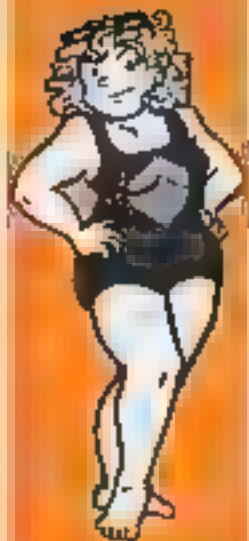




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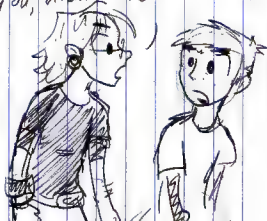




So what is
the plan?

Huh?

Virginia ~~debriefed~~ debriefed
you, didn't she?



↑
lol
he wishes.



I'm
Science!

SKIN-HORSE.COM



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BEST CHILDREN'S BOOK OF THE YEAR
**THE DAY I SAW THE
MAD MAN GO IN**
by David Almond



A picture book
by David Almond









Let me introduce our top pilot —

Joshua, right? We've met before.



Wait, no, that was in the mirror universe. I guess it was another you.



He seemed okay, so I hope this you isn't evil or anything. Sorry, this must sound nuts.



Yeah, but I'm already talking to a dog.

Right, you like dogs! Pleased to meet you.





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